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Comfort Women

[image]

If you are against RAPE, SEXISM, and RACISM, read on.

World War II. There were many things that happened.

Horrible, horrible things. Innocent people dying.

And also women getting raped. Everyday. About 200,000 of them. Korean, Chinese, and many more.

They were taken against their own will. Dragged into a room. Beaten. And then raped.

When they got pragnent, the Japanese drove a knife into their stomachs to kill the baby.

Inhumane. Sick. Horrible.

And now, 90 percent of them are dead. They died in a horribly early age. Youngest fourteen, oldest in their twenties.

Many were underage.

And now, they are speaking up for their rights. But Japenese officials refuse to acknowledge it ever happened.

We must stand up for those women. They deserve an official apology. That is their last wish before they die.

Check out my story Comfort Women to know more. I don't need votes. I need people to acknowledge that it was wrong and help to get an apology for those old women.

#JUSTICEforComfortWomen

One: Deathbringer

[image]

Dear Ms. Glory,

We have confirmed that you will take a break of shooting movies for couple of months. You will go to Pyrrhia High School and we will send a bodyguard. We appreciate your talent in acting. It was, or it seemed, that you needed a small break.

It was noted that you seemed extremely exhausted by your secretary. Although Hollywood desperately loves your movies and talent, it is impossible to not be tired after such a long time without a calm, much-needed break. We understand. Rest when possible, and enjoy your time, Ms. Glory Bright. Remember that we will need you back as soon as you seem ready.

Have a great day.

-Director

Glory Bright stepped out of the car, wearing a white gown, high heels and sunglasses. Her fans screamed as she walked on the red carpet with her bodyguards on her back. She smiled and waved her gloved hand politely, and a small glimmer in her eyes said she meant it.

Her curled blonde hair fell on her shoulders, flowing in the wind, like even the wind fell for her. When she took her sunglasses off her green eyes sparkled in intelligence that made him unable to tore his eyes off of her. Then, maybe it was his imagination, their eyes met.

Beautiful. Dashing. Graceful.

No wonder she was a Hollywood star; he could see that. The looks were all they needed these days— barbie blonde hair and shining green eyes.

Her full red lips pulled upwards into a faint, hard-to-miss smile, and she unconsciously brushed away a small lock of hair that went into her eyes. There was a faint blush on her cheeks as she made her way to the entrance of the school.

He was, for a moment, paralyzed; But he took in calm, smooth breaths, telling himself that she was fake.

Fake. Every famous star had a fatal flaw. How could she, the most famous star, be different? It was a mask she was wearing. She was as fake as a doll, a puppet. Another Hollywood toy.

She was fake, like the others. Her eyes hid a secret, and her smile hid a growling, hideous figure inside.

Tricks.

He controlled his emotions and twisted his awe into hate. His face remained neutral while his anger boiled and spat in his chest. It was just getting ready to erupt, but he had to push it deep down, the horrible anger. She was his target, and he would get the job done.

He had to prove that he was a good assassin.

Assassins do not feel. They shred, they kill. They feel no remorse. They control the emotions of their prey. They are merciless.

Hate. Fear. Anger.

He searched his brain for the beautiful figure he was seeing right now— Glory Bright. The beautiful, dashing Glory Bright.

His thoughts battled against each other: *kill her. Love her. Hate her. Press her close. Kill her—*

His hand curled into a small fist, but he released his fingers so it wouldn't look suspicious. He shook his head, and the angry side of him won, allowing a small, triumphant smile.

He was strong. He would control himself. He knew what he was doing.

Ha.

Glory walked away, into the school. the guards made a protective circle around her, but she shooed them away, giving the other students an easy, natural smile. He slipped inside, too.

He moved swiftly through the crowd until he reached her. He put his hand out for a handshake, and she shook it with her gloved hand without much of a second thought. She was careless. That was good.

"Hi," he said. "I'm Deathbringer. Who are you?"

"Oh," Glory said politely, flashing him the normal smile. Her green eyes shone brighter than the sun. For a moment her eyes narrowed, but it was gone before he could detect it. Wow, she *was* dazzling. "I'm Glory. "

He grinned what he hoped was his most charming smile. "I'm your bodyguard."

Actually, I'm not, his brain muttered. He almost laughed out loud. *Your real bodyguard is tied up, in the trash can where nobody can find him.*

"Great," she said, nodding. "You have the same schedule, right?"

"Uh-huh," he answered. "This is lunchtime, though. You can go to the cafeteria, if you want."

Glory nodded, her green eyes meeting his black ones again. He needed to be careful, he kept getting distracted by her. He nodded back, tearing his eyes away from hers. He wiped off his stupid grin.

"I'm going to sit with my friends," she said slowly.

"You had friends?" he choked out. That made everything harder.

"Um, yes. Tsunami. Sunny. Clay. Starflight. We shot a few movies together. Didn't they tell you in your—er— job application?"

She looked at him up and down, her eyes flashing with suspicion.

"Are you sure you're my...bodyguard?"

"Of course," he said smoothly, trying to ignore how fast his heart was thumping in the danger of being busted in the first day. He whipped out his fake card and waved it front of her face, hoping it would do the trick. It worked beautifully, and she relaxed immediately. "I am highly trained, and I can protect you wherever you go, without the *assassins* knowing. I even look pretty normal." He winked. "But, of course, *extremely* attractive."

Her lips curled in amusement, and he gave a grin in return. Her small almost-smile disappeared. "Let's get back into the game, shall we? For now, you're the most popular kid in school. What do you think of that? "

She narrowed her eyes at him, her pale skin in the sunlight. Her amusement and friendliness was swallowed by caution. He gulped. This wasn't as easy as he expected it to be. "*Nothing*."

She was haughty. That much he had expected. She was haughty and she treated him like someone she could control. One a few words that they had exchanged, and he could guess her entire character.

Pathetic.

He watched as she walked away, smiling and shaking hands. He did not detect fatal flaws.

Not yet.

Then he jerked from his nausea and hurried after her, calling her name. *Assassins do not feel anything.*

How could she be so perfect, though? So polite? So...impossible to ignore? He let himself slip for once in his life and let his lingering thoughts roam free.

She was beautiful.

All he could think for the rest of the day was how her green eyes sparkled in the sunlight.

Two: Glory

[image]

"I want your signature!"

"Can you say my name?"

"Can you get me into a movie?"

"Can I be your BFF?"

"*I'm* her BFF, you idiot!"

"You're so pretty!"

"Are you sure you're human?"

"Goddess!"

She smiled and nodded politely. Tsunami walked beside her, rolling her eyes. She linked arms with Glory in a protective way, sighing in exhaustion as she clicked her tongue.

"Tut, tut, tut. Why don't they know the *real* star of it all?" Tsunami whined. She gave Glory a fake glare and turned to the crowd. "Hello? Why aren't you calling *my* name? *Anyone* watched the Dragonet Prophecy? I'm Tsunami! I'm *awesome*!"

Glory laughed lightly— the first real laugh she had in months. Her light voice swallowed the exhaustion, the tire of seeing everyone treat her like a goddess.

She was just human. She didn't deserve all this attention. She didn't *want* all this attention. That sounded very whiny, but everything got tiring after a while.

Especially after the incident that had happened a few months ago, when there was a rumor going around about her using her body— whatever that meant— to get a main role for a movie. Everyone

had turned their back. Her fans and her supporters treated like she didn't exist. They all looked her with eyes that shouted things they couldn't put into words. *Slut. Whore. Shameful and dirty.*

The fame was something that didn't belong to her. They didn't even know her, not really. They were in love with who they thought she was. She had learned that when the rumors were proven lies and everyone returned. They came back and forth like ping ping balls, choosing what to believe, saying whatever that pleased them. She knew she shouldn't get used to the smiles and laughs. They could be taken away at any moment, and she didn't want to experience that much pain ever again. Putting her trust in others too easily.

"The Famous Riptide sent you a script," Glory said, pulling a paper out of her purse. Anything to get her mind away from the fact everyone wanted to talk to her, have her signature, kiss her hand—anything.

Tsunami took it with uncertainty. Glory's lips curled into a smile. "Seriously? After he shoot *The Waves* and kissed a woman I hate?"

"He had to," she pointed out. "It was a movie, 'Nami."

Tsunami glared at her. "I get that, but he didn't even tell me about it. Imagine my shock when I watched their Ship Moments on YouTube. Honestly. I'm throwing this stupid script away! Didn't you see—"

She shook with anger, her cheeks flushed.

"—thei*r engagement ring?*" She finished, disgusted. "Their fans. Their ship name. Everyone screaming in delight. Yeah, it's totally my freaking OTP! Hooray! Way better than his *real* girlfriend, Tris. Or was it Tsunami?"

"That was part of the movie, too," Glory pointed out. "Just *read* it, for goodness's sake."

"Hey, Glory!" Deathbringer said, coming up to them. He smiled at Tsunami, an eyebrow raised. "Hi. I'm Deathbringer."

Tsunami raised her eyebrows. "*Deathbringer*? Are you sure? Not

YayHappyRainbows or BeHappy? *Deathbringer*?"

Deathbringer rolled his eyes, looking annoyed. "I'm sure."

"*Please,*" Glory said. She couldn't help it. They had sent her here to have a break, and she was supposed to have someone following her around? Who even killed celebrities nowadays? Obviously not the kids in her school. "I don't *need* bodyguard. Tsunami here is the top most feared girl in school. She breaks people's necks for fun."

"Do not," Tsunami protested, glaring at Glory. She bared her teeth and growled.

"Yur growling noise proves a different point, " Glory shot back. It was nice to have someone argue with her again. *Especially* Tsunami.

"Bye," Tsunami said, walking the other way, throwing her hands up in the air like she gave up on her.

"Wait!" Glory followed her, shooting Deathbringer a *don't-follow-me* look. "JUST ADMIT YOU'RE A BULLY, TSUNAMI, LIFE WOULD GET EASIER!"

Tsunami gave her a bad sign with her middle finger. A lot of people gasped, but Tsunami seemed like she didn't care. She was rich enough to not give a crap, so Glory guessed it was allowed.

He followed her anyway.

It went like this:

Math-

"Glory," Deathbringer whispered.

"What?" she whispered back. Her head was struggling to calculate the math and talk to him at the same time. Her tutors haven't done a good job teaching her mathematics after all. Additionally, she *really* wanted a first good impression. Talking during class won't help. She could just imagine the new article titles— Glory Bright Can't Get Her Math Done, Glory Bright Proves To Be Another Empty Blonde, The One Famous Hollywood Star That Can't Memorize

Anything Other Than Her Lines— and he was distracting her. Weren't bodyguards supposed to be smart? He should have been the one helping *her*. "We're having a *quiz*—"

"I don't know," he whispered, looking miserable.

"Don't know what? " she snapped, her sarcastic side growing. "*What,* exactly?"

"The multiplication table," Deathbringer whispered. "What's two times two?"

She stared at him in horror. He burst out laughing, crossing his arms over his broad chest. "Just kidding!" The teacher glanced at them, frowning.

He gave her a smirk and turned his test in, swirling in midair like a ballerina. The teacher started at him with her mouth wide open. "Mister, you—"

So much for good first impression.

ELA-

"Spell Saskatchewan," Deathbringer said.

"S-A-S-K-A-T-C-H-E-W-A-N," Glory answered.

"Spell bona fide," Deathbringer said.

" B-O-N-A SPACE F-I-D-E, " Glory answered.

"Spell-"

"No, it's your turn!" She snapped. "Spell...twelve."

"Huh? What's twelve?" Deathbringer joked. Then he spelled the longest word on the dictionary:

"*pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis"*

That damn showoff. He annoyed her immensely.

PE-

"Capture the freaking flag!" Deathbringer screamed. He looked even taller in his gun shorts and tennis shoes. He was pointing right at her, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

She got tagged.

"You stupid-"

"Shut up!" She shouted. "I mean....please."

"Can't hear you!" Deathbringer screamed.

"Don't *scream*!" Her patience was wearing out. Very quickly. She wasn't exactly falling in love with her new bodyguard.

"WHAT?"

"DON'T SCREAM, IDIOT!"

Silence.

"Glory Bright has anger issues, takes it out on her classmates."

"Glory, is it true you shouted at someone in PE class?"

"Glory." The director's face , her face worn out. "You know the scandals. We need to get your fans back up. Behave the best way possible in that school, and make sure you act innocent and cute. Let's bring the fans that turned their backs on you, okay? Make them trust you. You can do this."

She looked around her, and saw all the eyes on them—Deathbringer and Glory. He had annoyed her and ruined everything. She could just imagine what their classmates would whisper about in the next week. And then there was the Internet...

She staggered. "*Please*.."

~

When she got out of school, she was very, *very* tired.

"Bye," Deathbringer said as she got into a limousine. Her eyes fluttered close in exhaustion, and her hand shooed her bodyguard away. "Have a good night!"

"Bye," she breathed.

That night she dreamt of Deathbringer memorizing the multiplication table.

Chapter Three: Deathbringer

[image]

"Hi," he said.

Glory didn't bother to answer.

"So. You came to the school for a month now! Learned anything new?"

"To distrust extremely annoying bodyguards that can't even spell twelve," she muttered.

"Uh," he said. "how about the *greatest assas-"*

He caught himself in middle of the word. *Assassin.*

"Let's go," Glory said carelessly. She was wearing a normal T-shirt, ripped jeans, and her beautiful blonde curls were up in a ponytail. It was almost like she was a normal average teen.

Well, not really.

"So," he said, catching up with her. "how did you feel when you were shooting *Glory Says It All?*"

"Great," she answered, giving him a glower. "*nothing* like now, when an extremely annoying person is nagging me about something that do not sadly concern them in any sort of way."

"How about *the Rainforest?"* He continued, ignoring her comments. "how about the *Good, The Bad, and The Girl?*"

"Shut. *Up*," Glory said through gritted teeth.

"How about *the Glorious* or do you prefer *the Missing Princess?*"

"Deathbringer," she said sharply.

"How about *Hollywood* or *In Winter*?"

"Deathbringer!" Glory said, sounding panicky.

He ignored her. "*The Awesome Girl? Movie Star? My Motto? Beautiful? My Head?"*

Then Glory shrieked as a crowd surrounded them. Cameras flashed everywhere. He stepped closer to Glory, snatching her by the waist.

Ooops .

"Miss Glory! Tell us about your experience being normal!"

"Is Tsunami really taking your job?"

"Tell us!"

"Who's that? Your boyfriend?"

"Why are you in a school?"

"Answer us, Miss Glory!"

"Do you miss being in Hollywood?"

Deathbringer snarled at them. "Leave her alone! I'm her official bodyguard and I order you to—"

Then Glory was gone from his hands.

"Answer!" The reporter said, gripping Glory's waist. She struggled to get away, but tens of people surrounded her, making it impossible to escape. "Are you enjoying your time? Were you fired, or what?"

Deathbringer snatched her back and ran, ignoring the loud cries of the paparazzi. Glory seemed bewildered and afraid.

He stopped in a deserted corner, breathing heavily. He pressed himself against the wall, almost laughing aloud when the paparazzi passed them without a second look.

"Are you alright?" He gasped out, turning to Glory.

Then he realized that Glory was shaking.

Huh?

The fierce, sarcastic Glory? *Crying?*

"Shh," he said awkwardly. "you're, um, alright. It was just some stupid paparazzi. You see them all the time, don't you?"

Glory closed her eyes, leaning her head against the brick wall. "Whatever. I need to be alone. Please go away."

"But—"

"Get lost!" She screamed. "Please leave me *alone* for once! Go somewhere else!"

"No!" He crossed his arms against his chest, narrowing his eyes. "I'm going to go wherever you go. It's my job."

"I want to be normal," Glory sobbed, kicking at the dirt. She seemed... bitter. "I never wanted this. *Any* of this!"

He stared at her. Now, she was so vulnerable, so unguarded, so weak.

This would be a good time...

Weakness. She had a weakness. When prey showed any signs of weakness, it was the perfect time to finish it off.

He shook the thought away. It seemed so cruel.

Even for an assassin like him.

"Stop," he said. "Here, let's go somewhere."

Glory stopped crying, fear flashing in her dazzling green eyes. Then her eyes became cold, her wall closed all over again. *Circles and circles.*

"Where?"

Deathbringer took her hand in his.

"To the movies."

Chapter Four: Deathbringer

[image]

"Hello? Almost done?"

Then Glory stepped out, wearing blue, ripped jeans and a normal T-shirt.

Her hair was a messy ponytail.

It was *red.*

"Don't worry, it's a wig," she said. "it would take forever to dye my hair." She eyes him with amusement, but her eyes were cold and untouchable. "Duh."

She was beautiful, her green eyes sparkling with intelligence and her face pale.

Why was his heart thumping?

Make a plan, Deathbringer. Then kill her whichever way you want. Whichever way you need to.

Soon.

"Come on," he said. "We're going to watch *It.*"

Glory shrugged, eyeing him suspiciously. "I watched it get filmed, so I won't be squeaking or anything. Don't you dare hold my hand or anything like that."

He bowed. "I won't dare, Your Majesty."

She laughed and they went into the theater. He quickly played for the tickets and she bought the popcorn, and they found their seats and had time to settle in before the movie started.

As they watched, Deathbringer found out that Glory was in fact

very weird when watching movies.

As a boy got murdered, Glory laughed, nudging him with her elbow. "Did you see his face?"

He was watching this movie to get ideas, actually. No luck.

Then Glory laughed as a different person got killed. Everyone stared at them, and one girl ran out of the theater, crying, and screaming, "He's in here, laughing!"

When the movie finished, Glory was yawning. "That was boring."

He was going to have nightmares, but no way she was going to know that. "C'mon, let's go to the fair."

She twirled her hair nervously. "But in the fair there are people...annoying paparazzi...the media..."

"*Rides*... " he finished. "C'mon, this is for fun."

As they walked, they got a caramel apple, popcorn, and drinks. Then they rode a ride. Then another.

"Fireball!" Deathbringer said. Glory screamed as they got around and around. It made his eardrums numb, but it was thrilling. Actually, he might have just enjoyed the satisfaction of Glory screaming her brains out.

"Vortex!" Glory covered her face during the ride.

"Diamondback!" He said. Glory was mumbling to herself during it. Or was it a prayer?

"Let's ride that!" Deathbringer whined. "Look how high it goes! I think seventy feet! "

"That's dangerous!" Glory said, shaking her head. "See this net? It means someone fell off before!"

"Who cares?" He said, dragging her to the line. "I'm forcing you to come."

"No!" she said, her face paler. "*No,* Deathbringer!"

"Please? I'll buy you a an ice cream cone."

"No!"

"Are you guys in line?" the worker said, annoyed. Glory ducked her head so he wouldn't see her face.

"Yes!" Deathbringer said loudly.

"Then you can go in," the worker yelled, throwing his arms in the air in frustration.

Deathbringer grabbed Glory by the waist so she would get in. She glared at him, and he thought he heard a faint noise of growling coming from her.

"This will be fun," He insisted.

"It better be," she hissed. "Or I swear I will push you off-"

The ride started; it turned sideways then turned a whole circle. Glory screamed and he winced.

After few moments, they were going up. Glory seemed close to crying. Yet she just stared at the sky, her lip trembling. "Is it a bad time to mention I'm scared of heights?"

"Yeah, sort of."

"Well, no going back now." She clenched her eyes shut, gritting her teeth.

"Glory," he said. "Here, look at me."

Higher.

"No," she said, trembling.

Higher.

"*Look at me."*

She looked at him, trembling, glancing down and then closing her eyes.

"I'm here. With you. And if you fall, I'll fall too, just to keep you safe. Got it?"

She looked unconvinced. She shrugged.

Higher.

Why do I want to protect you? Why do I are so much about you feeling safe?

Am I getting addicted to you?

He grabbed her hand. When Glory looked at him with a raised eyebrow, he shrugged.

"I *did* ask you out," he whispered.

Higher.

Then Glory leaned closer and closer...and the space between their lips closed. He didn't feel them going down, just...

...just the feeling of her lips, firmly on his.

"Is that Glory Bright?"

"Yeah, it is!"

Then cameras flashed, and Deathbringer departed from her first, gasping.

"Your wig...your wig..." He gasped out.

Her wig was gone.

Glory looked flushed. He quickly ran away from the paparazzi with her, his mind whirling and dizzy.

His heart bubbling up, he looked at Glory again.

I can't do this.

Glory was laughing. "That was great!"

" I-I.. "

Glory smiled- and he felt his heart melt.

Which was a dangerous sign.

Then she put her hands over his neck and pulled him closer.

"Admit it," she whispered. "You loved kissing me."

Then he was kissing his target, the one he was supposed to kill.

Yeah, totally addicted.

Chapter Five: Glory

[image]

"Hollywood star Glory Bright kisses a man of the unknown; what is happening...."

"Glory Bright with a wig and on a roller coaster, kissing a man.."

" We might now know her after all...is She a snob?.... "

"Does Glory Bright kiss everyone? Is She really a spoiled brat?.."

" Under the screen; Glory Bright, the star of many famous, popular movies, gets caught in love, in reality... "

She clicked off the TV, Her mind whirling. Every single news channel had her in it.

Beep.

She ignored it.

Beep.

Ignored.

Phone ringing.

She ignored it.

A banging from the door.

She ignored it.

Beep.

She picked up her phone, smoothing her ponytail. Sighing, she turned it on, to see-

-her bodyguard texting her??

Snail: Ms. Glory? I'm sorry I missed out couple days. Somebody kidnapped me....just nutshell. Meet me at school in the morning at Monday.

She couldn't help but game at it. *What? I already have a bodyguard. Who the neck is snail?*

Glory: ????

This is a joke, she concluded. *A lame joke. A prank.*

She then bit her lip in annoyance as her phone beeped again. Couldn't she have a normal Saturday?

Director: what do you think you're doing?! Meet me at my office RIGHT NOW or I swear you'll get fired.

Director: Who is that freaking guy in the pic?!

Director: come here NOW

Director: NOW

She threw a white gown on herself and hurriedly putted makeup on, sweating in panic. She picked her phone up and dialed Deathbringer 's number.

Maybe they can talk about what has happened yesterday.

"Hey," he answered at the first ring.

" *Hey*?! I'm about to get fired because of you! "

Her voice got louder than she meant to. She took a deep breath and forced herself to be calm.

"You are?" He answered. " How? "

She couldn't help but roll her eyes. "Just....never mind."

Deathbringer's side got muffled, and Glory thought she heard a faint sound of "Get over here!"

She raised her eyebrow. "Are you busy there?"

" A little, " he answered. "See you."

Then that was it.

Her phone beeped again.

Director: I SAID COME HERE RIGHT NOW

She grabbed her purse and set out, only to find herself in middle of a crowd.

"Glory!"

" Glory Bright, what do you-"

"Glory!"

She got in her car and banged the door shut. She narrowed her eyes in calm, soundless fury and got out of the driveway, leaving reporters. She couldn't help but keep fuming under her breath.

Her phone rang. "Glory Bright, come to my office RIGHT now. We have *things* to discuss."

" I know! " she hissed. "I'm coming!"

" Then come *now,* you-"

"Shut up!" She blurted.

" Listen, you freaking brat! Come here right now or I'll fire you! "

Glory threw her phone out of her car window.

She heard a satisfying shatter.

Chapter Six: Riptide (bonus)

[image]

He sat, tapping on the desk nervously. He tried to sort things out in his mind, but it was almost impossible to do.

Tap.

Glory kissed someone; she's in trouble.

Tap.

Nobody knows who he is.

Tap.

I wonder what Tsunami's doing. I thought we were supposed to make a movie together this time of the year.

Tap.

Okay. Who is that?

Tap.

Can I use Google Maps to find out?

Tap.

Nah.

He breathed in, breathed out. *Think about Tsunami. Her and her smile.*

Think about Tsunami. Yes. Tsunami.

Then he heard a known on his door. "Come in."

Glory came in, her hair freshly blonde. "I want to swear, but that is bad for reputation."

" You got in trouble, yeah? " He heard himself say.

"Shut up," she hissed. " And I hate it when people talk like that. There is no use for yeah. "

"What happened?" He stopped his tapping and focused his eyes on the engagement ring that was still on his hand.

"What about you?" She asked. " getting married? Because if you are, 'Nami's gonna kill you. "

He chuckled. "I know." He slipped it off and threw it out of the window. When Glory raised an eyebrow he shook his head. "It was mine to keep. Fake."

She shrugged. "I had fun. I got caught. I died couple times coming back."

He grinned. "Like all of us. Even Glory Bright isn't perfect, I guess."

She glared at him, sighing. "Now Kyle refused to put the movie together. I'm a brat now."

He shrugged. "Aren't we all."

She rolled her eyes. "I gave Tsunami the script."

He grinned. "I heard she's coming to the ball today."

"You pathetic lovebirds."

" Yeah? Says the woman that kissed a random stranger. Hmm? "

"No it's not! He's...not a random stranger!" He could tell she was confused, but she kept her voice steady. "I....he's my bodyguard."

He shrugged. "Glory, we've known each other for years." He walked towards her and gripped her hands in his. " We need to close this up. Now. I want to be open, and I can tell that you do too. "

She looked startled. "What?"

He leaned closer. "Glory..."

" I-" She stammered. "Tsunami likes you-"

"It doesn't matter now," he breathed.

He leaned close until their lips were almost brushing. He put his arm around her waist, and-

Then she slapped him on the face.

He bursted out laughing. She jerked back, confused.

"You thought I was going to kiss you!"

She blushed, and it didn't disappear quickly enough. "You weren't?"

He smirked. "That's why I have an Oscar, sweetheart."

She rolled her eyes. "Shut up, Blue."

He winked. " don't worry. I'm saving my beautiful lips for someone else tonight. "

She laughed. "Tsunami would be thrilled."

He grinned. "But that proves you love someone. You've kissed me plenty of times."

" When we were thirteen and we didn't even know Tsunami. That was a teen movie."

"Well, I can tell, and I've been your friend for fifteen years."

Glory shrugged. "Well."

"Who's this random guy? "

"He's not random!"

"Oh yeah?" He taunted. " What's his name? "

She sighed and crossed her arms across her chest. "Deathbringer."

He laughed. Glory, clearly irritated, stayed silent.

"What the crap?" He said. " you're bringing death to yourself, man! "

"Language!" She snapped.

He shrugged. "Practicing man talk for Turtle."

" Yes, " She replied sarcastically. "Getting to know your brother-in-law, aren't you?"

" Hey, I'm sorry *my* relationship is running smoothly and yours aren't. I'm not Mother Earth. "

Glory hissed. He smiled.

"So?" He said. " is he a hottie? Fat? Nerdy? What? "

"Hot," she said without hesitating. Then she blushed.

" Ooooh, " he said.

She raised an eyebrow. "Are you gay?"

" Shut up. No, Bright, of course not! "

She smiled. "Just checking."

He shrugged. "There's nothing wrong with it."

" I don't care. "

"Does the Director know?"

"Uh-huh."

" Crappy day, huh? "

"Definitely crappy."

"Want some coffee."

" Please. "

"Okay. Go get some. I want American."

"I. Hate. You."

He grinned, running his hand through his hair.

"Uh-huh. And you love me, sweetheart , I can tell..."

Chapter Seven: Deathbringer

[image]

"Darkstalker?"

He smiled up at Him reluctantly. "Hi. You..hired me?"

Darkstalker smiled. "As a genius, it is very hard to not be an evil mastermind. I want someone killed. This is not a public thing, right?"

Deathbringer raised an eyebrow, a bit alarmed but determined not to show it. "Yeah?"

"Yeah."

He smiled, the evil smile that Deathbringer's boss always wore.

Assassins don't have opinions, his mother ranted on in his head. *True assassins don't have feelings.*

"I want you to kill someone for me."

The usual line. "Who?"

Darkstalker looked at him, his eyes narrowed. "Prince Arctic Wood. Can you do that?"

Deathbringer felt a faint chill. This guy wanted to murder his own father.

"Depends," he answered coolly.

" Darkstalker? " Darkstalker flinched, something that Deathbringer didn't see him do before.

A blonde girl came up to him, an eyebrow raised. "Who is this?"

Darkstalker breathed deeply. "Qibli? I thought you were going to

come at nine thirty."

She shrugged, grinning sheepishly. "I thought someone was here."

Darkstalker rolled his eyes. "Winter's not here. He just visited with Moon. Such a brat, I hate that kingdom."

" Darkstalker! " Qibli said. "Just because your father came from the Kingdom from doesn't mean you should hate it."

" I don't care, "he said, sighing.

" And I don't like him, " She said. "Not at all."

" You're blushing. "

"Not."

" Well- how's Umber's sister? "

"Poor him," she answered wistfully. Her blonde hair swisher as she shook her head. " She's mad. Who's that?"

He straightened up. "Chill," he said. " I'm nobody. Just a cousin. "

Lying. He had practiced them plenty of times. *Smooth be smooth be smooth.*

Qibli shrugged. "Hey. I don't mind."

Then she looked at him, an eyebrow raised, and her eyes searched every bit of him, her eyes sharp and calculating.

"I saw you," she said. " on tv. You're the guy kissing Glory Bright. "

"Qibli," Darkstalker hissed.

"Aren't you? " she said calmly, smoothly. "Yeah, you are."

Then she reached into her pocket almost instinctively. Then she pulled out a white piece of paper.

He felt dread. *Don't think about her. You've been found. Too soon.*

Everything's messed up-

-this is way too quick-

"No," he replied, forcing a fake laugh.

She narrowed her eyes at him, her hazel eyes sharp as daggers. He felt a chill. He should kill himself, now.

And he could- all he had to say was *assassin* three times. It killed people 3 miles close to him, including himself.

"What?"

She unfolded it, slowly. Then she blinked, looked at the paper than back at him.

She dropped it- and when he got a glimpse of it, it was him, smiling in the picture with a *wanted* sign.

. . . . . .

"Kill her *now!*"

" Mother, " he said helplessly. Against his mother he was powerless. "I can't. It's too complicated.."

"Well, you have to kill her soon! Do you want us to die? Your father would kill us if he finds out!"

" He won't, " he replied coldly.

Then she hung up, swearing, and he threw his phone across the floor in frustration and bitterness.

He silently took his dagger from his pillow and pushed it deep into his pocket, disgusted.

"I'll kill her," he said aloud. " I'll have to. "

He didn't want to. He liked her, maybe as a friend, even though maybe all the kissing were fake. All the love was fake.

Fake. Fake. Fake.

He had her hooked, but he had fallen in his own trap.

He swore and grabbed his gun, putting it in his suit. He might have to do a lot of killing today.

The gun was small, a true assassinating gun.

I'll kill her.

I have to.

YAY

I'm going strike!

If I do not get sixty votes, I refuse to update!!!!

Hahahahahajajajajajajaja

I feel like Count Olaf ;)

Update: no, you don't have to vote, I was a troll when I wrote this and somehow people actually voted. This story is very crappy, cliche, and cringing. I recommend better fanfiction to not waste your time on.

People: bUt yOu wRoTE iT

Me: :'D

(Also the weird thing is that this book didn't have sixty votes as a whole and somehow a few years later the chapter alone got more than 70. KEEP WRITING GUYS, the votes will follow when time passes.)

Chapter Eight: Glory

[image]

She ignored the whispers, the looks and the raised eyebrows whenever she walked by.

She was in her green gown, her freshly blonde hair tied to a bun to match the last character she had acted.

Tsunami was there, looking uncomfortable in her dress. Someone was talking to her, maybe Riptide- no, it was a girl.

She passed up to them, looking around to see if *he* was there- he wasn't.

It see- it was Indigo.

Tsunami was smiling awkwardly, her fingers fidgeting. Riptide was grinning behind them.

"So don't hate me," Indigo was saying. " I totally panicked when I saw that you hated me! *The Waves* is such a cheesy and stupid movie, and that time I kissed guys for fun. Besides, I *loved* the *Dragonet Prophecy*. "

"Finally!" Tsunami yelled. "Someone appreciates my awesome acting."

Riptide grinned. "Got that, Tsunami? Now let's go dance."

Tsunami grinned and walked after him, letting him grip her hand. Glory smiled to herself.

" Wait! " Indigo called. "Is your brother Fathom?"

" Yeah, " Tsunami answered, almost shyly. It almost made her laugh out loud.

Indigo winked. "I love that guy. He's cute. Can you give him my

number?"

She laughed and linked her arm with Indigo's. "Still flirting?"

Indigo looked at her and her smile faltered, just for a bit. "Glory."

She suddenly felt defensive. *She's thinking about the kissing.*

"What?"

" I need you to stay away from the guy you like. He's....he's Not what you think. Just find someone else. "

She narrowed her eyes. *Indigo barely knows me. Sure, we are both in the Hollywood business- but she doesn't know me.*

She suddenly felt angry, angry at how people talked about Deathbringer. Which was crazy. But it was in there, roaring.

"That's none of your business," she hissed, snatching her arm away. Her happy mood faded.

Indigo pulses her lips, and she looked actually scared. *Indigo.*

"He-"

"Deathbringer," she interrupted. "His name is Deathbringer."

She shook her head and fidgeted. "Look. I saw this sign...there was a guy in the newspaper that looked *exactly* like your bodyguard.."

"Yes, and you see a movie star that looks like me in the newspaper everyday," Glory replied coldly. She couldn't believe how angry she was getting.

Her anger was always carefully controlled, carefully planned and carefully limited. It was unbelievable how angry, how uncontrolled she was getting.

Just for Deathbringer.

No. That's not it. I'm stressed out. Yes. I'm stressed out.

She gave Indigo a *I'm having a crappy day* look and walked away. She felt Indigo watching her, and she felt hot.

I wish I wasn't stupid enough to kiss Deathbringer. He's just a bodyguard. And an annoying one.

Then someone grabbed her, by the shoulder. She almost instinctively kicked his shin and faced him, her face flushed. It was a man, a man in a mask.

He wasnt carting a weapon, and her eyes darted around to found one.

Blood was thumping in her ears and she felt so scared, felt what the word *assassinated* was truly like.

Then she spotted one: a gun.

She shrieked but she was muffled by the man's hand.

"Shush," he said.

It was Deathbringer.

Chapter Nine: Deathbringer

[image]

He grinned. "What?"

She looked bewildered. "I..I don't know what to say."

He shrugged. "I'm still your bodyguard, Ms.Bright."

She still looked startled, and maybe scared. He silently cursed himself for letting bodyguard down. *I could have killed her.*

But would I have?

Aren't we friends?

Kill her. You have to. Now!

Damn, Mother.

She narrowed her eyes. "Well, guard me and don't speak to me."

" I tend to get friendly sometimes, " he replied sarcastically. *I need a plan. I can't kill her here, not now...I need a plan.*

"Oh," she said, laughing softly. Her eyes flashed. " you idiot- you...you *idiot-"*

"Language," he said cheerfully. "I know, I know you're mad at me. But I can make it up to you- let's have fun."

" Fun? " she snapped. "You owe me an explanation. You killed me, everybody killed, me you're *so dead!*"

He grinned. Her cheeks were flushed and her green eyes are flashing in anger.

You're cute when you're angry.

" Yes, fun, " he said, ignoring her remark. "I know you love fun, my dear. Like when you got so in fun that you-"

"Shut up," she hissed. He smirked.

" Well, Glory, see, I owe you a lot- so you're going to get out of this stupid ball and, well, come with me. "

"Yes?" She said. " Are you sure about that? "

"Please," he said soothingly. " You're not going to get caught again. I owe you so much, Glory, we both know that. Please? "

He saw interest in her eyes. "We only had one date, you know."

" I know, " he said. "That's why I want you to come. I'll make it up to you, I swear."

He could see her considering it, considering all the possibilities. "Hm."

"Yeah," he continued. "Come *on*, you know you want to!"

Her eyes narrowed and her expressions were wiped off completely. Even he, an assassin, could read her face.

Glory walked past him, and for a moment he was worried that she was going to reject his request.

He stood there, reluctant of what to do, when she turned. A swift, beautiful motion, her hair flying for a second before they settled down again.

Masterpiece.

Glory Bright, she *was* beautiful. She was real but she was fake, like a goddess from a story.

In that moment, he would *die* if he killed her, and maybe he loved her, loved her back. He didn't want her to get hurt.

She was the sun, the moon, the sky, the ground. She was the

lightning and she was the thunder.

She was simply everything, that *controlled* everyhing, *was* everything.

Then logic overtook him.

Glory was still staring at him and he raised his eyebrows, trying to hide his confusion and anxiety.

"What?" He blurted.

Glory smiled, poisonous. She battered her thick eyelashes and raised her perfect, thin eyebrows, her hands at her mouth in a tempting, daring move.

She knew how to play.

"You're driving."

Chapter Ten: Glory

[image]

It was a party.

Madness. It was madness.

Men and women were there, drinking and dancing and singing. Deathbringer was beside her, laughing.

Loud music was everywhere, so loud that it almost busted Glory's eardrums.

She *hated* it.

It was full of drunken people, it was new and she didn't know that a party such as this existed.

"Hey, Deathy!"

Deathy. It made her heart skip. For a moment her eyes darted around the crowded room, almost wildly.

It was a girl's voice.

Jealousy. Glory had never felt this much jealousy before, never. All she could think was *a girl is calling him Deathy*.

Does he know her well?

She looked at Deathbringer, all this in matter of seconds. Wild.

Madness.

He was dangerous. Everything about him was dangerous. But he was fun.

Exciting. New.

Deathbringer turned beside her, and a blonde, young girl was there.

"Qibli," he said. Qibli looked at him and then at her, her face quizzical. " Uh...this is Glory. "

She closed her eyes and then opened them again. "Hey."

Glory stared at Qibli's eyes- they looked empty, with no life in them. Almost-- *hijacke*d*?*

She shook the feeling away. "Hey," she replied coolly. She gripped Deathbringer's arm, although why she didn't know. Her jealousy disappeared and she felt a chill at Qibli's eyes.

Qibli nodded at a guy beside her. He had brown eyes and hair, and he looked nervous. He was tall, maybe six foot five. Qibli smiled and she linked her arm with him. Glory stared at him, and he nervously smiled back.

"Hi, Deathbringer. Hi...Glory."

Deathbringer nodded at him. "Umber, right?"

Umber.

"Yeah," Umber said. He rubbed his forehead. " too much alcohol. "

"I told you to stay away!" Qibli said, swatting his chest.

Umber suddenly smirked and swung Qibli over his shoulder, making Qibli squeal.

"I need more," Umber remarked, smirking. "Nice meeting you two."

Umber have Deathbringer a high five and walked away, grinning. Deathbringer shook his head.

" He's not shy when he's drunk, " Deathbringer said, nodding at the screaming couple.

Glory let him tangle his hand with hers. She stared at his hand, studying the long, white fingers.

"Hm," she said, uninterested.

"Qibli and Umber," Deathbringer remarked. "Melodramatic people. No worries."

Glory found herself laughing. "Indeed," she said, rolling her eyes. "All your friends seem that way." She let his hand go, smiling.

"Come on," Deathbringer said, pouring mockingly and taking her hand back and attacking the crowd of people.

She found herself looking into a crowd of mad people, her eyebrows knitted together. "I hate this," she complained. She clamped a hand over her ear, wincing.

Deathbringer took her wrist gently and held her up, grinning. "I thought you liked to dance."

" I do not, " Glory replied, rolling her eyes.

Deathbringer shook his head and Glory raised an eyebrow at him, daring him to object. He didn't.

She studied him, studied him like never before in that moment, drinking everything about his face wildly with her eyes.

"You're supposed to put your arms around my neck," Deathbringer whispered. He smirked at her as she did, her cheeks reddening in embarrassment.

"Stop walking and focus on the music," Deathbringer ordered. Glory sighed and closed her eyes, and heard the melody of the music. She tapped and they walked slower in the dance floor. Glory felt the corners of her mouth going up.

"See?" He said. " Beautiful. Hmm? "

She shook her head and dug her head into his chest. He held her tighter.

Thump.
Thump.

Tap.
Thump.
Thump.
Tap.

Her heart beating wildly, she pressed her head against his chest. They were the same level, same tempo.

Then she brought her face up and cupped his face with her fingers, closing her eyes softly.

"I think you deserved a kiss," she whispered, her heart beating in greed. Deathbringer kissed her lightly, just a touch between them and nothing more.

New things in one day. It was exciting.

She opened her eyes and felt it, felt the love rising in her chest like a fierce tsunami. And she let it be inside her, just today, where it was allowed.

She knew she was going to get in trouble sooner or later.

I'm falling in love

She thought

I'm falling in love with a bodyguard

I'm falling in love with a person I'm not supposed to love

I'm falling in love with Deathbringer

She pulled away, she had to get away from this, from everything -- she breathed deep and looked at Deathbringer, their eyes leveled and both gentle.

You don't know, she realized. He doesn't know. He will never, ever know.

Or love her back.

"I want to drink some alcohol," she remarked, smirking.

Chapter Eleven: Deathbringer

[image]

Hic!

He wasn't drunk, not really, not as much as he could have been.

Glory was.

She had drunk barely half a bottle, not even that, but she was drunk, very drunk when they arrived at his house.

He wasn't sure who to contact about Glory, since she had pretty much ran away with him, so he decided that she would spend a night in his bed and he on his couch.

He didn't like his bed anyway.

Glory was muttering something in the lines of, "Zeus! *Hic!* Poseidon! Hades! Athena! Jupiter! Neptune! Pluto....*Hic*..Minerva...."

Hic!
Hic!
Hic!

Glory's hiccups were kind of cute, so cute that he wanted to take a video and post it on YouTube.

When Glory Bright is drunk.

He would get over a million views.

Hic!

He raised an eyebrow, now that his days of acting stupid was over. He was ten percent smarter than a normal assassin, which was saying a lot. Really, he was tired of acting stupid in his missions.

"Greek *and* Roman? You study a lot, Bright," he commented as he

say her down on the bed.

She smiled, a dreamy, sweet smile that made the tips of his mouth twitch in amusement.

"I'm smart," she bragged, nodding. " I'm smart as Neptune and hot as the sun... "

"Sure you are," he replied, smirking.

She giggled and inhaled. "This bed smells like you!"

Hic.

"It's mine, duh."

She grinned. "You smell nice."

"And you should drink alcohol more. "

She tilted her head, beaming. "You're sweet."

" And you're drunk. "

She shrugged the comment off, her sea-green eyes sparkling, sparkling with excitement. "Where are you going to sleep?"

"On the couch. No worries."

She threw her arms around his neck, pouting. "You don't want to sleep with me?"

" Whoa, " he said, panic rising in his chest. Blood rose into his cheeks. Her breath collided with his, making him slightly dizzy.

She smelled like vanilla.

Vanilla.

His mother smelled like vanilla.

Then a flashback hit him:

He was licking vanilla ice cream from an ice cream cone. His mother was next to him, smiling.

It was one of those early, few memories of her being alive, alive and full of her early richness, not an Assassin and so bitter all the time.

Her blonde hair rested on her shoulders, her red lips a smile and her green eyes filled with majestic richness. His mother was beautiful; a thin cheek and high nose and collarbone. Her pale cheek never got messed or smeared and a hint of a wrong eyelash pointed in a strange way was unacceptable for his mother.

He loved his mother.

He was not one of those kids that wished for their dad to come home; no, he was fine by himself.

They were sitting by the sunlight, and he was devouring on his ice cream since it was melting fast.

"Thank you for taking me here," he had said. He had grinned, wide and mischievous.

"You'll make a great adult someday, I tell you," Quickstrike had murmured, softly into his ear. She had tilted her head in an angle to study his features. Her green eyes had sparkled with amusement at his vanilla-covered face. "And you know I get the facts straight. Oh, you know I do."

He opened his eyes. It had seemed like it was a century ago. It was barely more than a decade in reality.

"*Deathbringer*!"

He looked at Glory. She blinked.

He blinked.

Glory giggled. This was funny, in a weird way. He couldn't wait to tell her all about it, when she was finally herself again.

"Not *sleep sleep,*" she said, laughing. " Like, just...sleep. "

Hic!

"No," he said, laughing. " I like you, Glory Bright, but not that way... "

Glory smiled. A dreamy smile that didn't belong to the strictly guarded face he had seen earlier in the day.

It made her face shine. She was beautiful, yes, without the smile. She could have been the goddess Aphrodite herself, with her gentle eyes and her charmspeaking voice. She could have been easily the most beautiful woman on earth.

But this smile, it belonged to her, it *made* her, *shaped* her, made her features more clear and sweet and beautiful.

Beautiful was one thing- this was another.

Without knowing what he was doing he leaned down and kissed her, her lips on his. Yes, he was aware of the fact that he had a gun in his pocket and he was to kill her in two or three days.

But this felt *good*.

More than good- beautiful, fun, new.

This was dangerous. But he didn't want this to end. He knew he would be in pain later, deep pain and suffering, but *that* was later.

Definitely later.

This was *that* and *that* was *this*.

Then the kiss was getting more intense and he wanted more, his heart bursting and his blood thundering in his ears. He wanted more and all he could think was *more, more, more....*

It wasn't like him.

Then Glory pulled away, and he belonged to her, she belonged to him.

They weren't two souls, they were *one.*

Then Glory smiled.

Smiled, as if they were two couples that had just kissed another and like it wasn't complicated and like it was just...*another relationship.* Like they were normal.

They couldn't be farther away from normal.

She tilted her head and her eyes were filled with wonder. She brought her fingertips to his face and touched his nose, his cheek, his eyebrows and his lips - every touch was beautiful and every touch was precious, and he smiled.

Hic!

He started to stroke her hair. Her hair smelled like wildflowers.

"Mine," he mumbled. Sleep was getting into him. The alcohol wasn't helping, either. " You're mine. "

Glory sighed, sighed warmly and her breath was against his neck, it was so warm and gentle that it closed his eyes.

Mine.

He let his breathing go slower and more relaxed.

You're mine, Glory Bright.

If this story could reach 200 votes I would really be amazed! :) please

VOTE

SHARE

COMMENT

❤ Love you all~

Chapter Twelve: Glory

[image]

" Kestrel?"

Her stepmother turned, her eyes wild. Glory took a cautious step back. This was one of her fits. She took a deep breath and tried not to tremble in fear.

She expected her to beat her like she always did, but this time she didnt. She did something even more shocking.

She cried.

It was slow, agonizing tears. Tears fell, shoulders shook, sobs escaped her stepmother's mouth. She looked lost.

But Kestrel never cried.

She was heartless. She had adopted her and her four friends to get money from the government, and she beat them up at least once a week. The beatings- they were bad. Worse as they got older.

But now, staring at her, her bloodshot eyes, she looked-

-lost.

Then she spoke: "P-Peril?"

Peril. Who was Peril?

Then he came in. Her worst nightmare. Her worst - her worst-nightmare.

His black eyes were narrowed and he sneered at Kestrel, his fingers running through his dark hair. He spotted her and smiled.

Smiling. She felt a bang of fear in her chest.

Morrowseer. He was the violent boss of her stepmother that loved to grab her neck and push her into the sink when it was filled with ice-cold water for two minutes. Then she saw her.

The clicks of the high heels. Her calculating eyes, her lips, always a thin line. Her always perfect hair and her red purse, always with her.

Blister. Always Blister.

She sneered at her, her eyes calculating her every move. She tried to stop trembling and managed to calm her racing heart.

"Hello, darling," she said, and that was the first time she had ever acknowledged her like a human, which left Glory breathless. Blister leaned down, her face heavily applied with hideous makeup. She could smell tobacco from her mouth.

"Leave her alone!" Kestrel cried, her face still matted with tears.

Morrowseer laughed- threw his head back and laughed so hard that his shoulders shook. Glory shuddered.

"Beauty isn't everything."

He abruptly stopped laughing and his eyes lit up, his mouth curling into a cruel smile. He slowly reached for his pocket, and Glory backed away, her eyes looking at him, Kestrel, her.

Then, boom.

Boom.

Boom.

Three shots. Blood. Screams. Tsunami, looking shocked, her blue hair tied back into a ponytail, her eyes searching everywhere for threat, her hands curled tightly around a stick.

Glory then looked back. Morrowseer and Blister was gone, and she noted unconsciously the faint noise of an engine of a car leaving their driveway.

Kestrel was there, her body pierced with bullets, her eyes wide and empty. Her mouth wide open, mouthing one word:

Peril.

~

Glory wondered if headaches had the ability to kill people.

Her head felt like someone was hammering her skull with a 100 ton rock. Or she had been headbanging for hours on a rock concert of some sort.

Headaches. Probably the alcohol she might have drank yesterday didn't help, and whenever she had the dream she had a splitting headache. She groaned and got out of the bed, gripping her head on agony.

"Damn," she hissed, her hands blindingly feeling everything in the room. " where is my purse? It's here somewhere. "

Then she heard her phone ring. She crawled to the direction of the noise and there it was- her purse, her phone, everything.

She turned it on, and a notification popped out.

Riptide: *where are you? You alright?*

She stretched and quickly answered back. Then she threw her phone to the ground and started digging her bag for her medicine. Her headaches were getting worse.

She found it and gulped one without water, which was disgusting work. Then she grabbed her phone back and dialed Tsunami's number, fidgeting with her fingers.

"Get lost, you stalker!" Tsunami answered. "I don't want to talk to you, creep, Morrowseer-"

Glory dropped her phone at the name. "Tsunami?" She rasped.

"Glory?" Tsunami sounded surprised. " Oh. Look, we need to talk.

Where are you? "

"I- in someone's house...I don't know-"

"Don't...don't discuss anything here," Tsunami said lowly. " Starbucks. Today. One o'clock in the afternoon. This is important, Glory. "

"Did you hear?" Glory whispered, trying to ignore the panic rising in her chest. " Me, my job? Everything? "

"We'll discuss everything later," Tsunami answered. "Be careful, Glory. Promise to be in the Starbucks later?"

" Promise, " she said. Tsunami hung up.

"Glory?" She turned and saw Deathbringer, with his messy black hair and dark eyes. He was looking at her like he was confused.

Something about his expression made him look...look *serious,* which made the whole mood dark.

"Look," she said, her heart hammering inside her chest. " I don't know what happened yesterday. I was drunk. Forget about it, alright? I was insane. I don't even remember what I did. "

Deathbringer smiled, which made her weirdly nervous. "I don't want to forget about it."

She felt sick. "What happened yesterday?"

" Glory, " he said slowly, his arms crossed. His eyes were staring at her direction but not quite *at* her. It was more like he was looking somewhere far away. "Do you love me?"

She felt herself get pale. What was this? *What happened yesterday?*

"W-what?" Glory blurted, getting up to her feet, clutching her by tightly.

Deathbringer smiled thinly. It didn't suit him. ..

..at all..

"You were talking about him, weren't you? Talking about Morrowseer?"

Glory took a step back, her hands trembling in shock and surprise. "What?"

You know about him?

He narrowed his eyes. She had never thought about him as intimidating, but right now he was the scariest thing she had ever seen in her life.

"Don't act like you don't know," he said, still not looking at her. " Please. I....I have to do this job. "

Glory's instincts made her look at him, her eyes calculating.

His pocket...there was something in it.

"You have a gun," she said slowly.

Deathbringer looked at her, finally, his eyes flashing with tears. He blinked them and they dried before she could be sure of them.

"Indeed," he said, grabbing his gun- she was right- from his pocket. " I took much time as possible. I- my mother- she's dead because of my stupidity. Do you even know how that feels like? I shouldn't think so. You're- you're a stupid brat, a spoiled child, you don't even-"

She didn't want to take this all in. Her eyes gleamed with tears, and anger shot from her heart from his words.

"What do you know?" She snarled. " you little- you tricked me- you're stabbing me in the back- I can't even.. "

Deathbringer's expression was still guarded carefully.

"I- you...you betrayed me...used me-"

"Glory."

That cut her off. Just one word. One name.

She felt her heart beating faster, her eyes wide with fear. No, not fear- anger.

"You're so little, Glory," Deathbringer said, his eyes wild. "You haven't seen pain, not yet. Just a little. You're covered with fame and money. You've never been hungry, or beaten up, or anything compared to *me.* Life isn't fair. I don't expect justice from anyone. To say the truth, I never liked murdering people. But now it's easier, I don't have anyone left to care for..."

She felt like madness had swallowed her whole. Tears streamed uncontrollably from her eyes, and her lungs were burning.

"Deathbringer," she whispered. " I- I loved you, I-"

Deathbringer laughed.

Did he remind her of someone?

Morrowseer?

"Some people want you out of the way," he whispered as he stepped closer to her. " I'm sorry, sweet, pretty Glory. Beauty isn't everything. "

She paused for a second. "Morrowseer. He said that."

Deathbringer smiled, a cruel smile to rival Morrowseer's. "You have no idea.....how much it hurts to lose someone. Have *you* ever lose someone? You don't know *anything.*"

She looked at him, her mind racing. "So, tell me," she said. " what was your plan? "

"I was going to shoot you sooner or later," he said. Then he winced. " I want to make this short, Glory. You're quite a girl, you know. I liked.....spending time with you. "

She stared as Deathbringer raised his gun, right to her chest.

"It was fun playing with you," Deathbringer whispered in her ear, his breath deadly.

" But now is the time to kill you. "

Sorry, I just couldn't wait. Remember to:

Vote

Comment

Share

❤❤❤ ***Thanks guys for reading this!***

1399 words~

Chapter Thirteen: Glory

[image]

YES! I FINALLY UPDATED.

WARNING: VERY SAAAAD

Three seconds.

That is all that took.

Her life was swishing like waves in her ears, her one and maybe only love was her murderer.

"Stop worrying about me," Glory snapped. Her four friends looked at her doubtfully but turned.

Starflight looked at her with green eyes that were filled with fear. "What are we going to do?"

Tsunami sighed. "Look, guys. It's going to be okay."

" No, it's not, " Starflight muttered.

Her heart was threatening to burst out of her body.

Kestrel was dead.

Orphanage. That was a horrible word. More strict rules and more horrible adults.

She had to stay strong.

Yet.....The future have her the faintest whisper of doubt...

"Shoot me, then," Glory replied. What was she feeling? Scary calmness? Emptiness?

Deathbringer smiled, and his smile shone of confidence. His hand

gripped the gun even more tightly.

But...his eyes.....

....The eyes....had the faintest whisper...

.....of doubt...

I know that look, she realized. *I had it, so many times.*

His eyes....they were wild, with pain, with fear, with horror of what he was about to do.

She didn't care about pain. It was in the heart, the feeling of betrayal, the feeling of heartbreak, horrible than any pain she had experienced before.

She looked up, and slowly reached up, like touching a wild animal, and her hand passed the gun, and it finally rested on the arm she had fell asleep, feeling protected, the arm that she had danced with, the one she finally felt belonged....

She touched his cheek, softly, and looked into his brown-black eyes, and found them beautiful.

Deathbringer.

"I *do* know how you feel," she whispered.

Six words.

Understanding. A door opened, love that was unexplainable. A key turned. A connection.

He looked shocked, surprised, and he looked at her, and backed away, step by step.

"I- I don't understand-"

He stammered, his eyes more wild and confused than ever. He dropped the gun, his hands shaking.

You do understand! Glory wanted to shout.

"I-I don't know what you say, Glory. I can't...I-"

"Just say you love me," Glory replied gently. "Even if you do a little. Please, Deathbringer."

" But-"

"Deathbringer..."

" But I can't, " he whispered. "Stop, Glory. You have to understand...The thing is...I *don't.*"

" What? "

Deathbringer backed away even more. "I...I don't love you."

That was it. The connection was broken. The door was shut again.

"But- w-we-" she tried to say, but she choked on the words she wished to say- she- couldn't - *it can't be true-*

Deathbringer....

She looked at him, and dashed out of the room, out of the apartment, and she wanted to run, our of the world, or run until her heart stopped beating.

Pain. Unbelievable pain. Horrible pain.

It was a moment of madness, the first moment of her life when she didn't care, she didn't care at all...

It was over.

Chapter Fourteen

[image]

Deathbringer

"Did you do it?"

He narrowed his eyes. His whole body was wrapped in chains, and Morrowseer was pointing a gun at his head, which wasn't comfortable at all. "She escaped before I could shoot her."

"So you let her get away. A *great assassin* like you wouldn't let anyone escape on *accident. "* Morrowseer sneered.

"So what? It already happened," he snapped.

Uh-oh, his mother's voice said in his mind. *Broke rule number one- never snap at your boss. Especially the one in the highest rank. Especially if he is pointing a gun at your head.*

Morrowseer smiled cruelly. "Ah, child. You're in love."

" No, I'm not, " he snapped. "And don't call me a child." *Channel your anger. Don't let it slip.*

Morrowseer's two black eyes sparkled with amusement. "Yes, you are. With this Glory figure. I have seen her myself."

Chill. A thrill of waves on his whole body. Tingle of pain, love, and loss. *Glory.* "I wouldn't fall in love with a victim," he stated, keeping his face straight. " that is one of the greatest rules of being an Assassin. "

"Lies," Morrowseer spat. " Yes, you did. And don't expect any pity. You will be sentenced to death at the end of this month. "

Deathbringer shrugged. "So be it."

Morrowseer flashed him one last smile, taking his in off his head.

"Poor, poor child. You don't know *anything, do* you?"

He felt his muscles tighten. Everyone had learned to fear this man's tone, even him. "Pardon?"

"Let's just say, thank you for bringing us the final piece."

~

Glory

It was two hours before 1 o'clock, which meant she had time to do anything she wanted.

She called the last person she had expected in life: she called Kyle.

"Hello?"

"This is Glory, come to the park. "

"Glory? Glory, do you have any idea -"

She hung up. Either she would have fun or she wouldn't.

He came three minutes later.

She got out of the car and flashed him a flirtatious smile. He saw it and his eyes flashed with desperation and hunger.

Boys were way too easy.

Except one.

Each step she walked closer to Kyle Watch, the more her heart gained determination.

She did this a million times. She could do it again.

She took his face with her hands and kissed him hungrily, a kiss she had been longing for.

It just wasn't the right person.

"I love you," she whispered. " let's get back together again, Kyle, please. "

He smiled widely. "Of course, Glory."

He laced her fingers with his, and she gave him her most flirtatious smile that only Deathbringer had seen.

Kyle seemed pretty shocked by her behavior, then smirked back.

She closed her eyes and leaned on his broad chest. His pleasant smell flooded into her nose, with the faint tingle of cigarettes, which normally disgusted her.

Now it was worth it.

Kyle would play two parts:

He would be the key of returning to Hollywood.

But, most importantly, he was going to hurt Deathbringer.

Chapter Fifteen: Glory

[image]

Glory arrived fifteen minutes late.

Not that she cared, much. Was this the *broken heart* crap? Where was the part where she was supposed to eat ice cream and bawl her eyes out and live her life watching soap opera? All this was actually starting to make her feel a little depressed. She lost her entire appetite and stopped caring about *anything.*

That was frightening. She usually was in full control of herself. Usually, she cared about everything.

The annoying part was, every time she closed her eyes she thought of Deathbringer. His messy black hair and wild, wolfish grin. The way his lips pressed against hers. His arms holding her tight and safe, his whispers, *it'll be okay...*she had never felt so *safe*, so *secured*, like when she in his arms-

Ugh. This definitely wasn't normal at all. Glory felt like she was sick with some sort of disease, and that her soul had been stabbed and hacked into little pieces. Her mind was a maze, and she was trapped inside it; There was no exit, No cure.

Except one.

She sighed. She felt like those annoying, bratty girls from romance books that turned into a zombie when her boyfriend dumped her.

She *felt* something open inside her that she had never experienced before- she wasn't caring at all. *Not in control? Oh, well. Looking like a zombie? Too bad. Loving Deathbringer? Who cares?*

Was she crazy? She probably was. She was in love with an assassin that tried to kill her. Literally. He tried to shoot her with a gun. *A freaking gun.*

That didn't make sense- but nothing made sense.

Now that she had time to think, she was going to drive herself mad.

Despite herself, she felt angry. Deep anger within her, uncontrollable and raging and spreading like a fire.

She had given up everything for him, and only *him,* told him *everything,* made herself open to vulnerability, and still he didn't get it.

She *told* him how she felt, and he didn't feel the same way.

He's stupid. I'm stupid. AHHH. EVERYONE IS STUPID.

She didn't think it was possibly to be this heartbroken. Ugh. She wanted to stay single forever. This *brokenhearted* thing was really getting in her nerves.

No, wait. She was back with Kyle. She could barely remember his name, and, although she felt guilty for using him for her dumb purposes, something told her it would worth it.

She sat down and calmly ordered a coffee. The woman who was taking her order eyed her warily like she was a wanted criminal.

"Is your name Glory?" She asked, keeping safe distance.

She pushed her sunglasses a little higher in her nose. "Yes?"

The woman stiffly handed her a note. "It was left here for you." The woman hurried away, her arms crossed over her chest like she was ready to defend herself.

"Thanks?" She called after her.

Glory opened the note, her eyes skipping through it lazily. *Probably some sort of fan letter*, she thought.

Then her mind started to wake up, her wires began to turn, and her heart hammered in her chest.

She read it, over and over and over.

Her blood ran cold. *No. No. No. It can't be.*

Suddenly, every breath was struggle for life, every movement painful and every word piercing a hole in her soul.

The note dropped out of her trembling hands to the cold, hard floor, taking her world with it.

~

Dear Glory-

I have your friend. Although she is quite charming and beautiful, I do not wish to keep her. Meet me at your apartment, and I will give you what you most desire. I have everything you will ever want and need.

I have him.

In fact, dear, dear Glory- I have all of them. Every single one of your cronies kneel on their knees and are in my control. They are waiting for you, their hero, to save their lives, again, which I find quite amusing. I repeat- I do not wish to keep them- any of them.

Meet me, or they will die.

Do not try to avoid me, Glory. This is your last chance of confronting me in peace. Avoid me, and I will kill your friends by sunset.

And I will kill you too.

Morrowseer.

Chapter Sixteen: Deathbringer

[image]

"Can you get it?" He whispered, his breath coming out in small gasps. Morrowseer had shot him in the leg with a smirk, and he probably was going to torture him until he died of blood loss.

She had done everything she could, but she wasn't a doctor. her know as to kill, not heal.

She winced. "I'm close. Have patience for a moment."

He shook his head, closing his eyes. He was bleeding badly, and he felt even greater pain inside. "It's *impossible*, Greatness. There's nothing you can do."

She picked on the lock again. They chains that wrapped around him lie a snake- choking and trapping him- was impossible to get free of.

"There *must* be *something,*" she hissed frustratingly, pushing her dark hair out of her eyes. " why didn't you just kill her? What was her name? Glory? Everything would have been simpler if you did. Then Father won't be mad. He used to love you, Deathy."

"I don't know," he said, answering the first question and looking away. Greatness didn't catch the uncertainty in his voice; she stared at the lock as if it would break if she stared at it long enough.

Greatness Absher was, as many of his friends often said, beautiful: her silky black hair and beautiful, cold gray eyes. She was Morrowseer's daughter, almost like the princess of the assassins. She has skilled enough to earn the title-- she would kill anyone that stood in her way. She was as good as I've and as powerful as the night- *greatness*- and all the boys gained when She came into the room. She had shown him interest since they were little, and, although he didn't know why, he had quickly taken it as an advantage.

Did he love her? Morrowseer would kill him if he didn't. Greatness was certainly pretty and smart enough. Everyone told him they would grow up and marry someday and create pure-blood assassins.

It had always seemed to him like a crappy future, since he wasn't even *interested* in marrying and "settling down" whatsoever. He had told everyone that many times, but nobody believed him. Nobody ever listened to him, anyway.

The thing was: what was *love*? Was it a feeling? He didn't know-- he hadn't loved or gotten loved by anyone. He had always felt love was a puzzle, and if he got the pieces right he would complete it.

He had used it. used love and killing people when their guard was down. It was so easy to do- so many people were fooled- and nobody ever suspected he was just acting. Nobody thought it was possible to use their love against them.

Except Glory. It was hard enough to even talk to her and get her to think he Was interesting enough for her. Was that love? The lightness, the thrill, the sudden joy in living?

He shook the thought away. Whatever it was-- it was over now. Glory didn't love him anymore, even if she had before. She was just another doll he had used, another mouse that had fallen in his trap.

When he was done using it, he would throw it away.

Greatness stared at him, her grey eyes searching his black ones. "You're *such* an idiot, Deathbringer."

He sighed, although it hurt whenever he did that. "Calling me an idiot doesn't help me in this situation." *Nothing does,* he almost added.

Her eyes sparkled. She leaned down so they were face-to-face, and he had no choice but to stare back. "That's what I love about you, Deathy," she purred. " you're just...so...*so interesting.* You have the guts to do anything, even stand up to my father. "

Actually, it's probably blood loss, he thought, but he didn't say it. "What are you saying, Greatness?" She had said that many times

before, and he had just escaped the situation.

There was no escape now.

She ignored his question. "You're so *alive,* Deathbringer," she mumbled excitedly. "So *fearless*, so *wild* and so *reckless*. Whenever I see you, Deathbringer, I just...."

This wasn't going well. "G--" *We don't have time for this!* he tried to say, but she still ignored him.

She got a dreamy look in her eyes, which made Deathbringer feel even more queasy. This could only lead to danger.

"I just feel so alive...so like *myself* whenever I'm with you. You don't care if I'm the Leader's daughter. You see me as....*me."*

Deathbringer inhaled deeply. Blood seeped even more out of his wound. Bursts of pain blinded his vision for a moment. "Greatness, *please*-"

"We're almost adults now," she declared. " what are you going to do with your future, Deathy? Don't you ever feel *tired*, finishing someone's dirty work when it doesn't involve you at all?" She clenched her fists. "I don't *want* to do this anymore. I'm so tired of it, Deathbringer- are *you*?"

He tried to answer: *this was my past, and this is my present, and this will be my future!*

But she didn't wait for an answer. "I want to be *me."* She reached out and rested her hand on his shoulder. It felt cold. "I want to explore the world. There are so many things to see- but, Deathbringer, I want to do it with *you*."

He winced. *No, no, no.*

She looked at him hopefully for an answer, and he bit his lip. *I don't want this.*

This isn't my destiny.

He suddenly had a picture of a girl with blonde hair and green eyes- *Glory*? No, it couldn't be.

"I don't know what you mean, Greatness," he hinted. " I don't think this is the time-"

"Don't you get it?" She breathed. Her cheeks were flushed, and she was more excited than ever. "I love you, Deathbringer!"

He shook his arms, trying to struggle free of the chains, but they stayed firmly on him.

"Greatness," he gasped, begging. " I don't think I feel the same way. I - we don't have time-"

She got a glint in her eye, a dangerous, unpredictable one. She smiled thinly. "Father did this to you for me, did you know that?" she whispered in his ear. She sounded like a lioness ready for her prey. Deathbringer suddenly remembered how dangerous she could be whenever something stood in her way. "You can't escape me any longer; what's your answer, Deathbringer? Would you give me your love, or *die*? "

He clenched his fists. "I like you, Greatness. But I don't love you, and I doubt I ever will. You're wasting your time."

Greatness snarled. "If you don't love me, I'll *make* you love me!"

She grabbed his chin and jerked his lips to hers, her eyes flashing hungrily, and, at that exact moment, the door banged open.

It was Glory.

YAy! Finally updated! Special thanks to lukey-macaroni119 for always supporting me and my crappy stories!

Chapter Seventeen: Glory

[image] [image] [image]

A few hours ago

It was a joke to him. Everything. Her efforts. Her dreams.

Jokes, amusement. *She* was an amusement. She gritted her teeth and drive way above the speeding limit, not caring, not caring at all.

In her hand she gripped an address: she had ran into her apartment, expecting to find Morrowseer and her friends, but finding a note instead. An address, on her bed.

She finally reached the building. It was old, and the sign that had been once shiny and proud was worn down. The Windows were firmly shut, and the door screamed *KEEP OUT.*

Glory didn't keep out.

She screeched to a stop at the front of the door, and ran in, not even bothering to lock her car. Thankfully, it wasn't locked.

It was empty.

Completely empty. Or that's what it seemed.

She ran into the first room, ignoring the great fear in her chest. In the room there was a sight that left Glory mystified: a girl in a giant tube, eyes drooping, sitting on the bottom Indian-style, cross-legged. Small tubes were linked with the one that held the girl, and she seemed to have something injecting her arm.

Her appearance wasn't normal at all— rainbow hair and young, probably twelve. She was staring firmly at nothing, and didn't seem to see Glory as she knocked the glass tube.

"Hello?" Glory breathed.

Was this a test subject? What was she doing here? What were they doing to her?

Then the girl's gaze met hers. She smiled— a dreamy, sleepy smile. "You want to turn the machines off, silly girl."

Glory yelped, startled. "What?" She backed away, her fists clenching at her sides. She was stupid. Stupid to come here, stupid to even imagine she could hear Morrowseer. This was a project. Something complex, something she could not understand.

The girl pointed at a small switch at the left side of the wall. Glory cautiously reached out and flipped it off, biting her lip.

The girl sighed dramatically. Instinctively, she pulled the needle out of her arm, not even flinching, and tapped the glass three times. The glass immediately vanished and she stepped out of it, yelping in excitement.

She searched Glory. "Where's the food?" She demanded.

" Huh? " Glory backed away, her mind whirling. "What the—"

The girl yawned, her cheeks flushing. "I'm *so* hungry. That weird liquid stuff you weirdos are giving me isn't acceptable! Gimme some bananas, dude!" She stepped closer to Glory, and dropped her voice. "Also, the mascara on your eye is smudged. don't worry, I won't tell anyone!"

Glory pushed her away. "I'm not here to feed you." She stammered, fidgeting. "I...I'm here to rescue someone. Um...who are you?"

The girl brightened up immediately. " Kinkajou. Oooh, I just *knew* she were going to send someone! Here, take me out quick. Maybe nobody will notice. " her voice rose up into a whine. "They tried to kill me once. They, like, take me pee and give me shots. They take my blood and talk about my cells or something! I don't know!"

Glory sucked in a sharp breath. " what do they do to you, Kinkajou? "

Kinkajou pouted. "They try to make a *venom...."* She narrowed her

eyes. " that can kill you in seconds. They take snake venom and inject them into people. Then they mix it, to create a new, more powerful venom...Something untraceable. They test them on us." She blinked, her voice normal like she was talking about the weather. "I'm the next in line. That's what Fierceteeth said."

Glory shivered. "I'm Glory," she whispered. " I-I am here to rescue some of my friends. Do you happen to know where Morrowseer is? " *They inject them into people...A new, more powerful venom...*

Something untraceable...

"If you help me, I'll help you."

Kinkajou tilted her head. "I *would* like to get out of here. But I don't know. If they catch me, I'll get in trouble. A boy named Deathbringer got beaten up for sparing someone's life." She flashed Glory a smile. "He's nice. "

Glory felt her pulse quicken at the mention of him. "Kinkajou...we won't get caught, I promise." She inhaled deeply. "I'll make sure of that."

"Ooh, " Kinkajou gushed. Her eyes glittered. "Are you a spy?"

She smiled faintly, her gaze traveling over the room. There was a camera, she noted. But she didn't care.

Let him see her.

Her hand traveled over do the side of her hip, and her fingers wrapped around the gun, a glimmer lighting up in her eyes.

"No," she said aloud, " but I escaped an assassin once. "

~

Please vote ❤

Look at the pictures of Deathbringer and Glory! I picked them lol..Credit to whoever drew those amazing pictures

Chapter Eighteen: Deathbringer

She was not alone.

"Ewwwwww!" A girl with rainbow hair shrieked, covering her eyes as Greatness pulled away from Deathbringer. "My innocence is *dying*! I need holy water! A Bible! Ahhhhhh!!!"

He almost laughed out loud before Greatness instinctively took out her gun, aiming it straight at the girl. "I wouldn't joke if I were you," Greatness snarled, her eyes glimmering dangerously. "I do not tolerate silly, dim-witted children."

Glory came into view, her green eyes narrowed. Her hair was messy but it still looked awesome, like an athletic, tan girl from a Californian magazine. Even in the dark room, her features were astonishingly beautiful, overlapping into a face worthy of a goddess. It took his breath away.

She raised an eyebrow, crossing her arms. "*So* sorry to interrupt such a *romantic* moment, but we have something to say."

"Say it before I shoot you, then." Greatness laughed coldly. Her finger slipped inside the trigger guard, and it was one motion away from firing when he stopped her.

"Wait!" he gasped out. "Don't. They might...uh..."

They might what?

Greatness gave him a cold, snarling look. "Stay out of this, Deathy."

So this is how it will go when we marry, he almost mocked out loud. He struggled to keep his face emotionless. He channeled his anger to amusement and tried to look at Greatness with the love-is-making-me-stupid smile. How did lovebirds act again? He tried to give her a dreamy look. "I'm only trying to help," he said smoothly. "I just realized how important you are to me, Greatness. Cut me

loose and let me help you kill those little annoying idiots. Then maybe we can consider marrying again." Even to him it sounded pathetic. He was turning desperate. Why? No idea. "We can work as a *team*, Greatness. Prove to me we can work together."

Hurt flashed across Glory's face, along with disgust and anger.

It worked. Greatness gave him a charming, dizzy smile and unlocked the chains, untangling them and placing them on the floor swiftly. In seconds, she was done.

He was free.

Greatness gave Glory a triumphant smirk. "See?" She reached out to Deathbringer and held his hand, stroking his cheek. It made him shiver, but he hid it with a forced smile. "He's *mine."* Her laughter was beautiful and cold. And *hateful*.

"I don't care," Glory said through gritted teeth. She pointed her gun at Deathbringer, watching him with hatred and fury. "I'll kill him and not lose a night of sleep. I'll kill both of you."

He felt hurt bubbling up in his chest but pushed them deep down. He was surprised: assassins were supposed to expect the unexpected. The fact Glory hated him hadn't even crossed his mind as a possibility. "I—"

Greatness stared at Glory with manipulative eyes, giving her a motherly smile. "Darling," She began softly. It was her comfort voice. Gain their trust before you kill them. Greatness was the best at that.

Glory's face remained stony. "Tell me where my friends are."

"But they don't need you," Greatness replied in a hushed voice, taking a step closer to her. "Nobody *needs* you. Nobody *wants* you."

Glory shook her head, but there was a hint of confusion in her beautiful face. It made him feel angry at Greatness. "You lie." She clenched her fists, her face clearing of emotions. "All of you *lie!* You guys are fakes, acting like people you aren't. Call yourself anything you like, but you guys are all fakes to me. People that doesn't have

a life. People longing for a different life and trying to make themselves believe they are real. You act like different people, but have you noticed? They're not you, no matter how much you want them to be. They will never, *ever* be you!"

Deathbringer hated to admit it, but there was some truth in her words. And it stung.

"What about you, Glory Bright?" Greatness inched closer like a snake closing in on to its prey. Her eyes flashed with something she had not seen before: jealousy. "You are Hollywood's Golden Girl. You act everyday. You put your pretty, fake face on the screen and lay out a life that will never come true." Greatness opened her arms. "*This* is your life, dear. You call us fakes, but what about you? You're not any different from us. Messed up. Hate. Lies. *Fake*."

Glory shook her head fiercely, but tears were streaming from her bright green eyes. It made him want to cuddle her until she stopped crying. Moons, she was so beautiful. "At least I can tell the difference between fake and real."

"BURNNNN!" Kinkajou shouted, whistling, but was quickly silenced as Greatness pushed her to the ground. She yelped.

Greatness walked up to Glory, face-to-face, and smiled. But the smile hid the monster inside. "You and I are the same, Glory. We both live in a fake world, but we make them real. We are the leaders. We are powerful." Deathbringer felt his eyes widen as he saw the genuine in Greatness's eyes. She meant what she said. Which was more dangerous than her lies.

If she wanted something, she would never stop. She will not eat or drink until she got what she wanted.

That was Greatness.

"You are glory, and I am greatness. Together, we will rule the world... " Greatness peeked up in excitement. "Don't you *see*? Work with me. We will make so many great things together. We are the *same,* Glory. We live in the same lives. We are the same people."

Glory stared at her, speechless. Kinkajou yelled, "No! Don't listen to that witch, Glory!"

Greatness didn't pay any attention to her. "I have *power*. I can take your friends back and make sure they live safe and sound all their lives. We can be *family*." Her eyes flashed with longing and hunger. "What do you say?"

Glory's eyes lit up, weighing out all the possibilities and pros and cons. Her eyes shine with caution and temptation. Deathbringer gulped— there *were* some truth in Greatness's words. Glory and greatness. They looked the exact same, both beautiful, both *powerful*, and both longing for love.

The world's destruction was a word away, and he knew that. So he did what he had to do: he raised his tranquilizer and shot Greatness with a dart.

Time slowed. His pulse quickened.

Greatness didn't have time to say anything, but as she fell, she stared at him in disbelief, and her mouth worded the word *traitor*.

But, moments later, she was unconscious and controllable. He calmed himself down with quick breaths.

Glory stared at him in surprise. "W-what did you just do?" She whispered, her eyes dull.

"I shot her with a dart. She'll wake up in a few minutes," he said, motioning with his arms. "If we want to find your friends, Glory, we better go."

Glory bristled, her old self abruptly coming back. She crossed her arms, her eyes narrowed. "I'm not going to accept help from *you,"* She snapped.

He gave her a grin. "Why? What did I do?"

Glory hissed like he burned her. "Hm. Let's see. Only tried to kill me once, I think."

"Only?" He tapped his chin. "Well, I *did* save you from a crazy, beautiful psycho. You owe me, Bright."

She frowned at the word *beautiful.* "You forgot dangerous." She seemed to ask about something but then closed her mouth sharply.

"I know. Everyone is extremely dangerous here." He walked up to her and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear, smiling. Glory flinched. "And that, dear Glory, is why you need my help specifically."

"Such a speculation," She muttered. She stared at him suspiciously, but her eyes weren't hostile like it was five minutes ago. She played along, placing a hand on his chest. "How do I know you're not spying on me again, Deathbringer Black?"

He smiled. "Because," he breathed, "I'm in love with you, Glory Bright."

~

REMEMBER TO VOTE AND COMMENT!

Thanks for reading :) ❤

Chapter Nineteen: Glory

[image]

Boom!

Glory couldn't help but look at the fireworks with astonishment. "Beautiful," she said breathlessly. She reached for the sky and imagined, what if she was a firework? I would be able to fly in the the sky! She thought as she closed her palm wistfully. The thought made her excited.

Kestrel seemed a little more angry than usual. Her face was red, like she was trying to hold back tears. "Kestrel? Are you okay?" She said, looking up into her stepmother.

Kestrel gave her a pointed glare, but it seemed distant, like she was swimming in a pool of unconsciousness. "Peril would have liked this— I mean, nothing. Stop trying to be nosy, little girl."

"Sorry," she whispered, staring at her feet. Then she looked up again. "Look!" She tugged on her foster parent's sweater, trying to make her pleased by changing the subject. "Fireworks! Aren't they beautiful?"

Kestrel just sneered. "Stupid girl," she snarled. "Look at it: fireworks is like hope. It raises you high in the sky. Up, up, up. Then it flutters back to the ground, useless." Kestrel laughed bitterly. "It disappears." Then she snatched up Glory's hand and ran out of the beach, ignoring Glory's protests.

But, Glory thought, puzzled, as they walked home. Isn't the experience worth the pain?

~

"I'm in love with you, Glory Bright," Deathbringer whispered, his deep, soothing voice tingling her ears. His eyes twinkled like they were sharing a secret nobody else knew.

"Oh." She stared at her feet dumbly, not knowing what to say. For

some strange reason, it made her think back to romance novels she had read when she was a little kid. She used to read books all the time; it made her imagine a world she would never be able to be in. Most romance novels were about celebrities, and now, surprisingly, she was one herself.

Wasn't this the part where the two main characters of the book declared their love for each other? It was perfect. In middle of danger, short and sweet. He was the bad-boy assassin. She was, well, the Hollywood star. Wasn't that what everyone wrote about?

But they were missing something. No, *she* was missing something. She was just... scared. Deathbringer had proved he had a darker side then what she had assumed. He could hurt her more than anybody in the world. did she want that?

Conflicting thoughts later, she scolded herself. *Now, you need everything to focus on your friends.*

Deathbringer pouted mockingly, but she could detect a small hint of hurt in his dark black eyes. Or was it something else? "Did you just friend zone me?" He said with an amused smile.

"I did nothing," she snapped as she led the way out of the room. She didn't want to give anything away, and the way to hide was to be moody. "Are you coming or not?" She pointedly glared at Kinkajou, who was still laying in the floor.

"Ah, the life of a complicated teenage girl. Actually, how old are you?" Kinkajou want cheerfully, standing up and giving Deathbringer a wink. Pretending to whisper, the four-feet-nine girl stood on her tiptoes and commented loudly, "Glory DID friend zone you, by the way."

Deathbringer rolled his eyes. Which was, annoyingly, quite attractive. "Whatever."

Glory sighed and motioned for Kinkajou to follow her, huffing in exasperation. "Come *on!*"

Deathbringer looked straight into her eyes, making her heart skip.

"I'm coming with you, Glory."

"Oh, you are, aren't you?" She gave him a glare, crossing her arms over her chest. "Sweetheart, you tried to *kill* me. Maybe for you it's a forgivable thing, but for me, it's not." She didn't want him to come with them. Who knew what kind of plans he had? She couldn't trust him. "Do you have any idea how horrible murder *is?* No, you *don't.* And I don't want to be seen with someone that takes somebody's life away just for their entertainment."

"I-I don't do that." Deathbringer looked helpless, his eyes wide. "I only kill bad people. People that deserve to be killed."

Glory pushed him away from her, sneering. "And that sounds about right to you? It's not your place to take away someone's life. It disgusts me, Black. *You* disgust me."

Deathbringer seemed angry. "I thought I saved your life like five seconds ago. I appreciate your gratitude."

"You did nothing," she spat. "Look. I don't need your help. What you did to that moron— thanks. But I got it from now on."

He raised a perfect eyebrow. "Yeah? Do you know this building at all? Do you know the traps? Do you know the alarms? Do you really think this would be easy, Bright?" He shrugged. "When I say you need my help, you need my help. This place is guarded twenty-four seven. The people who runs this place— they're smart."

Glory felt her heart drop, and she cursed herself mentally. *Of course he is right. I know literally nothing about this place.*

But her pride wouldn't let her give in. One thing horrible about her: she was incredibly stubborn, and not in a good way.

"Just come with us!" Kinkajou yelled behind Glory. "C'mon! We don't have time! Let's go! Um, where are we going, by the way?"

Glory sighed. "Fine. I see your point... unfortunately." Deathbringer gave her a wolfish grin. "Come on, then."

"To where?" Deathbringer challenged.

Glory stared at him, scratching her head. "Uh. I don't know. Maybe go to random rooms until we find my friends?" She shrugged at his amused expression, feeling stupid.

"There are five thousand six hundred ninety-eight rooms in this building," he said, motioning Glory to get out of the room and walking past her. When they were all out, he locked the room.

"Follow me," he whispered. He skipped to a small room at the corner of the hallway, marked 793, and went in, whistling a tune like he had all the time in the world. Kinkajou and Glory followed.

Another door after another. Then, finally, a door with a mark of WARNING: TOP SECRET. He reached for the doorknob with ease, like he had done it a hundred times before. *He probably has.* It made her uneasy.

"Are you armed?" He said before he turned it, and when Glory showed him her gun, he opened his palm, motioning for Glory to give it to him.

"No!" She hissed, but he took it anyway.

"I can shoot five hundred times better than you can," he said smugly before he banged the door open.

Glory felt a comeback slowly disappear in her mouth. her pulse quickened in fear, and darkness welcomed her.

"Sunny? Tsunami?" She whispered hoarsely, desperation twisting her heart. Why was this room so hot? Like... It was boiling. She was sweating, and she had been in there for only a few seconds. "Starflight? Clay?"

Hello.

She jolted, but Deathbringer seemed to be calm next to her. The voice echoed around the room, making her shiver.

The lights came on, one by one, revealing a dark room. Kinkajou gripped Glory's sleeve, releasing a small cry of fear.

Glory felt scared herself. She felt her eyes widen in disbelief as her friends came into her vision. They were floating in a tube, like Kinkajou had, but with a little more complicated wires around them. They were unconscious, and they seemed to be barely breathing.

"No!" She heard herself shriek. She started to run towards the tubes, but something stopped her.

A girl a little older than she, flaming red hair and blood-red lips. Her eyes were brilliant blue, and her smile was like a wolf, dangerous and horrifying.

Hello, she repeated.

Deathbringer growled. "Don't touch her, Firescales."

The girl laughed, a pleasant laughter that ran shivers down Glory's spine. She had heard this before. But where? Firescales opened her palm, bent down, and slowly ran her hand through the ground between her and Glory.

They set on fire, but it didn't seem to harm her. In fact, she stated at the fire like it was a part of her soul, which made Glory afraid. Too afraid.

Hello, the girl said, her blue eyes as sharp as an axe. *Welcome home, Deathbringer Black. And, or course, our Hollywood star.* She smiled and winked, and for a moment she seemed almost childish. *I have heard a lot about you from Her Majesty.*

I am Peril, the Firescales, the champion of Queen Scarlet.

A burst of shock. Glory's head buzzed, and a jolt of realization came to her mind. Of course. She had seen this face before. No mistake.

Peril.

Firescales.

Scarlet.

Kestrel.

~

meh everything is crap but sorry XD

Chapter Twenty: Peril

[image]

At age seven, she learned to kill.

That was the only way she could please Her Majesty. Kill. When she woke up in a hospital room without any memory of her past, she was told that she was an experiment. An experiment that could save anything and everything.

Then she met the Queen. Her mother. Her protector. Her everything.

Queen Scarlet wasted no time sending her to a different hospital where there were more people. She learned that, whatever she touched, it burned. She also learned that they had many experiments in the past. She learned that she was the only survivor.

She loved the job and all- wow, so much exciting, like, hello, I'm Peril, oops, you alive?- But she was so... Alone.

Scarlet paid her many visits at first. Then, almost never. She missed seeing people, even when they were frightened out of their minds.

And there was a name stuck in her head: Kestrel. Who, or what, was it? It definitely wasn't something good, because when she asked Scarlet about it, she got angry. Angry was bad.

It didn't matter, though. All that mattered was what the Queen said: *you were made to kill, my Peril. Do my deeds, and I will give you something you don't have. Love.*

Please me, Peril.

And that was what she chose to do.

~

Three days ago

He was the first, and the only, to wake up. The brown-haired one with caramel, warm eyes. "Do you happen to have food?" He asked curiously. His stomach growled to back up his question.

She replied back in a monotone, although inside, she was bursting in happiness. Finally, someone to talk to! "Your diet consists of fluids. Nothing more."

He squinted at her, like he was mad at her for not giving him a better answer. "C'mon!" He begged, his eyes wide. He looked like a puppy. "Please?"

She pressed her lips together. "Ugh. It is not my decision."

He narrowed his eyes. "Fine. Whatever. Where am I? Where are we?" He said, glancing at his friends with surprise. "Morrowseer, isn't it? He's all I can remember."

"You were captured for bait. No further explanations." She replied, shrugging.

"Tell me more."

"Uh, the only thing I heard was that you guys were a bait for Glory. The *beautiful Hollywood star,*" she mimicked Scarlet's excited tone. "But I really can't tell you more. Um. They don't really tell me anything." She kicked at the dirt bitterly. Smoke rose from the ground, then disappeared.

He watched the spot where the smoke had risen. "I'm Clay. Who are you?"

"That's the wrong question." She gave him a wolfish grin. He didn't seem afraid, which baffled her.

"It is? Sorry. I never ask the right questions. Also, you seem like a wolf."

She looked at him, puzzled. *Clay.* "I mean... It's not *who.* It's *what.* I'm not exactly... human."

"Then what are you?" He said politely. "Did I talk to a robot this

entire time?"

"No." She smiled, and would have laughed if she hadn't caught herself mid-laugh. "Everything I touch, it burns. I don't really think it's necessarily human."

"That's it?" He seemed confused. "You're totally human, then."

"No, I'm not."

"Yeah. You are."

"Nah."

"Yeah."

She growled in frustration. "Then my actions aren't human. I've killed more people with my fire than I care to count. Does *that* make me human?"

His eyes sparkled with something new. Concern? It made her stomach turn. In a nice way, sort of. "Just because you did something bad in the past doesn't mean you can face the future with better choices. Past isn't everything."

She bared her teeth to hide her weakness. "Future, *Clay,* does not exist. Only today."

"Then make today better." He shrugged. "I don't see the big deal."

She stated at him through wide blue eyes. "You don't find me scary?"

"Nah." He gave her an easygoing grin. "I'm not scared of wolf girls."

"Wolves are scary. You said I seemed like a wolf," she said, satisfied.

"Yeah. But you don't really seem the... scary wolf type. You seem more of the beautiful, fierce stuff. If you know what I mean."

Beautiful? It made her heart flutter. "Uh. Whatever you say."

He grinned. "See?"

She scrunched her nose. She felt embarrassed. "Go to sleep."

"Whatever you say."

~

"Peril?" Glory whispered. Her green eyes seemed like the grass, the trees, the universe.

She smiled. Fear. A good thing. "Yes, that's my name." She ran her hands through the fire, sighing. "I see that you have come For your friends. But the thing is, I'm supposed to guard them."

"Let them go, Firescales." Deathbringer gave her a sharp-toothed grin. "Then maybe we'll play with you, eh?"

She shrugged. "I'm not going to kill anyone... yet." She reached for her knife and set it on fire, smiling. "Come forward, Black. Perhaps we can have some playtime."

Deathbringer's eyes revealed nothing. They were like frost, emotionless, haunted. Cold. "So soon? Perhaps we can talk first. Maybe w-"

"Stop." Peril whipped her head to Glory, who was staring at her intently. "I-I-"

Peril sneered. "This better be something good," she said, laughing. "I am an inch away from calling the Queen to report you all."

"Have you ever heard of a woman named Kestrel?" Glory seemed, well, almost... curious.

Kestrel? It made her stop. "Kestrel. Hmm." Peril shrugged. "Not really? Why?" She narrowed her eyes. *How does this girl know this?* Dangerous. Secrets were dangerous. Secrets were meant to kept secret.

Glory bit her lip. "Because," she whispered faintly, breathlessly, "I think I know who your mother is."

~

…the Cleril moment everyone was waiting for XD even me, I dare say. Oof!

Tell me what you think through the votes and comments!

Chapter Twenty-One: Deathbringer

[image]

"I think I know who your mother is," Glory whispered.

The knife clattered at the ground, and the fire slowly died beside Peril's feet. Her glittering blue eyes were wide with shock and horror.

"You're lying," Peril said suddenly. A fierce fire came out in her eyes. "You're trying to buy yourselves time. You're pretty clever. But it won't work on me."

Deathbringer raised an eyebrow. "Hear her out, Firescales. This may be the time of your life."

Peril sneered. "Even if what you say is true, I don't care. I don't care who my mother is. The Queen will be displeased with me, and it doesn't matter who she is- I don't care. She tried to kill me, and that's all I have to know!"

"The Queen lies," Deathbringer shouted. "Don't you see? Without your fire, you're nothing to her. You're just one of her toys!"

"She doesn't try to kill me," Peril said, keeping her eyes at the ground. Like she knew what Deathbringer said was true.

It hurt him, that even the Champion of the Queen knew their entire system was wrong. It made him wonder, what if things were different somehow?

"So you don't want to know anything about your parents?" He thought about his mother: Quickstrike. It shot a deep pain across his chest, just thinking about her. How he had killed her.

"No." Peril stared at her hands, which were glowing. "I don't need

her. I am doing fine by myself!"

Something moved beside him. Glory. Her blonde hair, her bright green eyes. *Keep her from danger!* If she made Peril angry, she could be destroyed very easily.

What if Glory dies, too? He thought about it. It would tear his life apart, like snapping a thin string he was holding onto. It would cut him into a thousand pieces.

"Liar." Glory narrowed her eyes. Peril whipped her head to her, growling. There was something dangerous in her blue eyes, like fire. Far apart, useful. Too close, dangerous.

"I know how you feel, Peril," Glory said gently.

"No, you don't!" Peril growled. "You have a perfect life, perfect face, perfect happily ever after... While me, I'm a monster, you see. Monsters always have had endings. You, you're that one person that has everything."

"Don't you feel like you're going to go crazy, not knowing who your parents are? If they loved you? What they looked like?" Glory continued on.

Peril didn't reply. She just clenched her fists, looking away.

"Your mother is Kestrel. She was my foster mother. I hated her, and she was a cruel, merciless monster," Glory told her emotionlessly. "She hated me. She hated everyone. She took me in because she was forced to. I never met my parents, and they're probably dead."

When Deathbringer imagined Glory's childhood, it was something like a round of laughter around the warm fireplace, a full family without any problems. Perhaps not.

"What I expected," Peril replied. But she seemed a little disappointed, like she was expecting more.

"But she cared about her daughter," Glory said, shrugging. Like she didn't care about her. Inn her light voice, in the deeper layers, there was a small spark of hatred. "Someone named Peril. She cried

herself to sleep at some days, talking about a girl named Peril. That was when I thought, maybe she was better than I ever imagined."

Peril stared at Glory, amazed. "S-she did that?"

Glory ignored her, dislike flashing in her eyes. "I thought, maybe she was a person broken that was never fixed." She lashed her arms out fiercely, her voice filled with anger. "But what we did to us, it is unforgivable. What she did to a couple orphans that had no one but each other. Beatings, words that hurt every one of us..."

Glory's voice broke, making Deathbringer want to hug her until she stopped. Did she really go through all this hardship? He couldn't imagine his childhood without his mother. And he thought she had a perfect life...

"Clay, Tsunami, me, Starflight, and Sunny... We're family to each other. Once, it was us against the world. And we can do it again, if we have to. But I need them. Without them, I'm afraid I'll go insane."

A streak of tear rolled down from her eyes. "We only knew each other. But one day, this man came... Asking if I wanted to go with him, into a better world, where I can shine and be loved. It seemed like paradise to me. Although my friends insisted we stuck together, I accepted. I betrayed them.

"This is why I ask, Peril, Firescales, Champion, whatever your name is- Fire God, I don't care- please give me my friends back." Glory dropped down to her knees, covering her face with her hands. "I'm begging you."

Peril seemed taken back. "One of them talked to me. Clay?" Peril seemed in a daze for a second. Almost unnoticeable, but there nevertheless. "He was very kind."

Clay? "Without them, I'm afraid I'll go insane"? Deathbringer felt a pang of jealousy. *Is this Clay a possible lover to Glory?*

"Yes, he is... quite likable," Glory said. *She didn't notice.*

To a broken girl that has never felt love before except fake adoration, a

kind boy from nowhere might be her hero, Deathbringer thought suspiciously.

"It will be as you wish," Peril said, bowing her head. "Just... tell me this. Is she- mo- *Kestrel*- still alive?"

Glory shook her head. "No. Morrowseer, the man you work for, shot her. She died thinking about you. Is that enough? Please, let my friends free."

That was when Peril nodded, and the glass around Glory's friends disappeared. Deathbringer helped Glory up, and, as he did, they dropped to the ground, blinking their eyes open.

"Clay! Starflight! Sunny! Tsunami!" Glory said joyfully, running towards them.

Instead of the expected welcome and so-earned gratitude, the fierce, cute blue-haired girl- *Tsunami?* - whipped her head to Glory, shouting:

"Go! He's coming! He's coming to kill us all!"

Chapter Twenty-Two: Glory

[image]

Instead of the expected welcome and so-earned gratitude, the fierce, cute blue-haired girl- Tsunami? - whipped her head to Glory, shouting:

"Go! He's coming! He's coming to kill us all!"

~

"What?" Glory said confusedly. "Tsunami, what are you talking about?"

Tsunami shook her head. "Save yourself, Glory. He's coming. He told us he would kill us all! Go while you can..." She shook her head furiously to shake off the force of the drugs. "Ugh, the stuff they've been putting into our arms...they're strong as hell."

Glory was trembling. "Is it...him? M-Morrowseer?"

Tsunami grimaced. Everyone else started to wake up, one by one, making Glory almost smile with gratitude. "Who else?"

She shook her head, not saying a word. She barely managed to bend down to inspect her best friend for any sign of injury. Thankfully, there was none. Just dizziness.

"I'm not leaving you again, Tsunami. Not for safety, not for riches or money, and definitely not to save my own pathetic life," she replied firmly.

"You never left us, Glory," Sunny whispered. "Don't hurt yourself with the past. Look at yourself now! You're a shining star, for goodness sake!"

Glory grimaced. "Well, a star about to burn out. Well, I never got to apologize for what I did years ago. It was a bad and unforgivable thing, guys, and I hope you guys know how much I hate myself for it every day. It was selfish of me."

Deathbringer jumped into the conversation as Glory helped Tsunami up. "What are you talking about? Oh, the story of leaving them for me, right? There's isn't much. We only shared like, a kiss or tw-"

Tsunami raised an eyebrow, punching her arm weakly with a mocking grin. "We leave for a few days and you get yourself a new sexy assassin wannabe?"

Deathbringer snorted. "I'm a certified assassin, thank you very much. And have you looked at yourself in the mirror lately? Because you're knockout *gorgeous.* What's your name, by the way? You're cute."

Glory rolled her eyes. "You forgot playboy," She muttered under her breath. Was Deathbringer just hitting on Tsunami? And worse, was Tsunami looking him over? She felt impatient. Maybe a little jealous. *Really* little, though.

Which was hilarious, considering the situation they were in. "Quick, Morrowseer might come any second!" She said impatiently.

"I have a boyfriend," Tsunami said suddenly. "Or do I? He didn't ask me, out yet, but it feels like we have since beginning of time..."

"Aw, you guys have such romantic lives!" The rainbow-haired girl exclaimed excitedly behind Glory. "The closest I went to having a romance story is between a little snail I found in the rain! We even shared an umbrella together...like the song. Umbrella by Rihanna? Anyone?" Kinkajou sighed. "Ah, the good days."

"Can you stand, Sunny?" Glory whispered, trying to ignore Kinkajou's chatter as much as possible.

"Yeah. Thank you so much, Glory!" Sunny beamed at her, and it warmed her cold, stony heart. She missed the good old days when they used to share a small sandwich together in what Kestrel called the "Dungeon," a dark, bug-filled place they had to go whenever they did something "wrong" or something she didn't like.

"Glory, is that you?" Clay said, blinking his eyes open sleepily. Glory

quickly went to him, giving him a smile.

"Clay," She whispered. "I missed you so much, big guy!" She shouted, wrapping her arms around him. He let out a squeak.

"If you guys want to get out of here alive, you should probably go now," Peril said coldly behind them. "Also, one of your friends happen to be bleeding."

Glory turned to Peril in surprise. *Of course. Deathbringer is injured.*

"I'm fine," Deathbringer said with a nod. But it was visible he was sweating in pain. "I'm not even losing much blood."

Glory sighed. "Peril is right. We better go now. Can you move, Deathbringer?"

"I'm a trained assassin. Even at my state, I can move better than any of you." He seemed cold, distant. "And you've been loud enough for all the people in the building could hear you. Morrowseer probably knows you're here."

"I..." She was speechless. She always thought of herself as smart and responsible for her actions. But now, she was so eager to see her friends once again that she was reckless. Too reckless.

Reckless enough for Morrowseer to notice.

"Where are we?" Starlight whispered, and Glory quickly gave him a hug, making him grunt. When she released him, he was blinking his black eyes very fast, like he we calculating every piece of information in the room. "Glory? Is that you? What are you..."

"We don't have time," Glory said quickly.

"Then what are we doing? Let's go while we can," Tsunami snapped.

Peril piped in. "I know a secret passageway that I'm *positive* nobody knows," she said lowly. "Do you want to go through there?"

Uh, duh. "Yes, please." She reached out and grabbed her friend's hand. Sunny and Clay. "Thank you so much for this, Peril. It

means...more than the world to me."

Peril shrugged, rolling her eyes. "Well, whatever. I want to escape as much as you do." *Maybe she's always like this,* Glory concluded. *She haven't seen the outside world, and she's older than me, for goodness sake! Of course she would be excited as heck.*

"Let's go, then," Peril whispered. Her eyes studied the task again, furrowing in determination. "Wait, so you want me to go first? I...I don't want any of you hurt. If there's someone in there, I want the responsibility to fall on me. If I yell, make sure you run." She gave them an awkward smile that didn't reach her eyes. "I mean, I've hurt enough people."

A silent pause.

"This speech is really inspirational. But if you're sure, yeah." Tsunami said. Then she sighed. "I don't really like ya, but be careful."

Peril nodded. Then she took them to the front of a small curtain and opened it, revealing a door. Glory was pleasantly surprised when she saw the perfectly decorated wall come apart to a secret passageway.

"I'll signal if it's all clear. Two taps, got it?"

"Two taps." Glory nodded.

Peril crawled in without an another word. They embraced themselves, their shoulders tensed, but finally, the two taps everyone was longing for sounded at the other side.

Glory motioned everyone to go in.

The light shimmered at the end of the passageway. As she got nearer, nearer...Her knees began to hurt, by she was so close...the light became brighter...like heaven...like the Hollywood lights...

When she came out, she realized two things:

First, that Morrowseer wasn't *coming* to kill them, he was *waiting* to

kill them.

After all, he was a man of great determination and patience.

The most shocking thing was a fire-red haired girl that stood next to him, her eyes empty, like a puppet. A woman was next to her, a hand on her shoulder, a smile on her blood lips.

Betrayal.

"You may go now, Peril. you have done your part," Scarlet ordered coldly.

Peril nodded. She grimaced, like she was in pain. Glory was too angry to care.

"And of course, you may take him with you," she whispered. Yet, everyone heard her.

Peril nodded again. She walked up to Clay, grabbed his wrist, and pulled him out the room, ignoring his protests. The door shut behind them.

Morrowseer smirked. "Welcome, my friends. Did you really think you could escape me?" He leaned closer to them, his breath mix of cigarettes and alcohol. "Now it has come. The end.

"And I will kill all of you."

He brought a gun up to them.

Glory closed her eyes. "You won," she whispered.

"I know."

That was when he shot Starflight in the eye, and blood splattered everywhere like red ink.

~

It was a rainy day when he kissed her.

It was short and sweet, covered with smiles and lips on lips.

But mostly, there was this one little unspoken thing between them. At least between her.

Power.

She never loved him. But she knew he could make a star out of scraps, make fire out of flowers.

And make a Hollywood star out of an useless orphan girl.

He loved her for now. And that was what she needed. A small card, a small price, for her future.

"You're different, Glory. You were born to shine. You were born to be a star," he murmured in her ear.

Just kisses after kisses. Endless possibilities. Talented acting. One-sided love.

A day after, the girl packed her bags. Her friends were sitting down quietly on the floor, because there was nowhere else to sit down.

"Are you coming back for us, Glory?" Sunny asked timidly. She seemed close to tears.

"You better come back knockout gorgeous," Tsunami huffed. But her eyes were getting watery, too.

"Rich, too. Buy yourself all the hotdogs in the world!" Clay piped in cheerfully.

"And all the books, too," Starflight added.

"Of course, guys. It's only for like couple months. That's what Edward said." she shrugged. "No biggie at all."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

The day after that, the girl left.

The girl didn't come back.

She never came back.

~

Edited and written poorly because I gotta get sleep XP My eyes were closing like five seconds ago.

Please vOtE and tell me in the CoMmEnTs what you think! ❤

Moon ouuuuut !

Chapter Twenty-Three: Peril

[image]

"This won't hurt a bit. You'll see."

Mother. Where's Mother? She thought. Mother. Mother. Mother.

Remember Mother. Kestrel.

They brought up her hand and injected something into to her blood vessel. She was breathing through a breathing tube, her breaths coming out in short, panicked bursts.

Who are these people? She wondered.

...What are they doing to me?

Where's Mother?

Remember. Her warm smile. Her voice. Mother. Mother. Her red hair. Mother. Mother.

"...my Darling..."

"Her brain's...complicated," one of the doctors said.

...brain?

"It could be impossible," a woman said. She was covered in luxury- necklaces, bracelets, even a crown on her head- all in the color of red. Scarlet. "Didn't you say we failed ten times already, and all of them died?"

"Well..."

The voices begun to fade away...into murmurs...whispers...nothing...

"Where's my mom?" She asked. But she didn't hear anything come out from her mouth. Maybe it was all in her head.

"We know better this time," the doctor whispered. "Now we know that water won't work. It's the time to try fire."

Her eyes fluttered close. Fire?

It was all a dream.

At least that was what she thought.

The last thought she had before passing out was...

Who's Mother?

Do I know that person?

~

When she woke up, she had bandages all over her head.

"The surgery went perfectly," the woman said. Didn't Peril see her before? One of the doctors?

"What did you do to me?" She asked timidly. Suddenly, a fresh wave of pain bursted from her head, almost knocking the breath out of her. "It...It hurts."

"We're doing our best. You're getting the best painkillers, child," the doctor said emotionlessly . "And to answer your question, we inserted a chip in your brain. Now you can defend yourself to anyone when we switch it on. It's a very high technology."

Peril blinked. "How can I defend myself to anyone?"

"By using fire, of course," the doctor replied.

~

"What is he doing to my friends?" He said to her, gripping her wrist. "Tell me *now*."

But he has me. Isn't that enough? Maybe I'm never enough. "Why? You're safe now, isn't that all that matters?" Even to her, her voice seemed cold. Distant.

"No. Are my friends safe?"

"Yes," she said reluctantly. *Lies and more lies.*

But can't you just trust me?

"Take me to them. We left them with someone dangerous. Morrowseer," he insisted stubbornly. The door opened, and they came in.

The doctors with the white coats. To take him away and turn him into someone else entirely. To a person they could control, like her. To a totally different person.

To a monster.

"No." Her answer was short.

"Are you lying?" He said suspiciously. His panicked eyes met hers. "Who are they? Where are my taking me? Are my *friends okay?*"

Will be be the same person ever again?

Could they escape the maze they got themselves into?

She grabbed his arm and the needle, something to take him away.

Forever.

"Perhaps, but don't worry. This won't hurt a bit.

"You'll see."

~

That night, she felt something in her chest...that she had never experienced before.

Love.

Can monsters love, too?

~

Sorry for such a short chapter XP so for everyone that happens to like this book, I'm going to finish this one before all the others. At least that's how it's planning to go...

So...yay? :)

Tell me how you felt in the comments and votes!

Chapter Twenty-Four

Starflight

He was blind.

You're so annoying, Starflight! All you do is read all day. You are soooo boring. Can't you be a little interesting? Nobody wants you. Nobody likes you, either.

You're not even smart. Stop acting all high and mighty just because you memorized stupid facts no one cares about.

He was used to big by now. The teasing, the sarcasm, the eyeroll whenever he told his friends something interesting.

I just wanted them to like me

He would never be like them. So brave. So strong. Heroes.

Even Sunny...Even she doesn't want me.

That pain, that hunger, that sorrow...it was nothing compared to the storms inside his brain. Battles won and lost.

All leading to one thing: hate.

Hate for himself. Hate for never getting better. Hate for being a weight to his friends. Hate that he wasn't something interesting. Hate that he was so afraid when everyone else was so brave.

"Where am I?" He whispered. Then repeated the same question, just a little louder this time. His heart was thumping in his chest. He was afraid.

Afraid. So much fear. *I wish I was brave...*

There was no answer. No solution this time.

Only the darkness stared back, and he shrank back, sobs escaping his mouth, fear shaking his body, trapped in a cage that was impossible to escape.

~

Glory

"Did you seriously think you could escape me?" Morrowseer whispered in her ear.

She shrugged.

I told myself I could. I couldn't.

She grimaced. *All this time, I thought people were lying to me. You. My Hollywood friends. My parents.*

But all this time...I was lying to myself.

"I took you friends. You're alone. You're weak."

"I've been alone before," she said, without looking at his eyes. "I have been weak before, too."

Morrowseer smirked. "The truth is, Ms. Bright...You're only someone pretending to be strong when, after all, you're the weakest of them all."

It's true, her mind whispered.

"So this is what you do in your free time? Chase some teen kids down so, what? You can get...revenge? I mean, it shouldn't be called revenge when there's nothing you have to avenge." Glory snorted. Her hands were shaking, but her voice was steady. The sarcastic tone, as usual. Ready to get her killed. *What else is new?*

"No. I actually like you, Glory. But I got a mission. A mission to kill you, and kill you I will."

"Shut up. You disgust me," Glory spat. *Get away from me. Don't touch me.*

That was when Morrowseer pushed her, and she hit the rock wall with a loud bang. It hurt so much, it brought tears to her eyes.

"I'm not joking with you, you filthy child. I will torture you. I will kill you, and when you are dead, I will show your dead body to your enemies," Morrowseer said coldly.

To her embarrassment, Glory flinched at his words. They hurt more than anything. to realize the fact she was so weak.

"Lay your hands off her!" Deathbringer screamed. It sounded pretty menacing, except he was white from the loss of blood, and he was tied up. Not to mention he was shot in the leg.

Not exactly menacing.

Where is the part when I go "I'm not scared of you anymore"? Glory thought angrily. *That I'm "so used to the pain, it doesn't even hurt, loser" ?*

The truth was, she was very scared of Morrowseer, almost to the point that she was going to faint. She wasn't used to the pain at all. Which was funny, because she should be by now. But she just wasn't. She couldn't get used to the pain. It just hurt more as the time passed.

I wish I was brave enough to put an end to all of this.

"Then do it," Glory whispered. "Kill me." *I am going to die. I am going to die.*

My friends are going to die. I am going to die.

Then she came in. *Greatness.*

Yeah, not in a good mood at all.

"Hey, guys. So good to see you again, *Glory.*" Greatness gave her a beautiful smile. It was a smile of a snake's. "How you doing, hm?"

"Um...fine, thanks." Glory raised an eyebrow. "Ready to die, as usual."

The last comment was ignored.

Apparently, Deathbringer was in a little more sarcastic mood. Or maybe delirious. "Hey, Sleeping Beauty. Came back to get your girl?"

Greatness laughed. "No. I was thinking more of the boy, actually."

Deathbringer frowned. "You still want me?" The *me* was extended so that it sounded like *meeeeee*. "That's...That's pathetic." He laughed. "*You're* pathetic, Greatness."

Glory grimaced, getting herself ready to a meltdown and getting killed. Morrowseer clenched his fists. When she glanced at Greatness, she wasn't seeing what she was expecting. *Maybe she had a good sleep after all.* Instead, she saw a calm anger.

She didn't know what was better, actually.

"I know. But love blinds everyone, including me." Greatness shrugged. "And I happen to love you. Although we have some things to fix it we are to get married." Greatness gave him a flirtatious smirk.

"Then I guess you'll save me once again, and we can go back to the life we lived before all this craziness happened?" Deathbringer raised an eyebrow.

"Ooh, you can read my mind, too." Greatness gave a sideways glance to Glory with a displeased look. Then she gave her a little grin.

Greatness walked to Glory, bent down so they were face to face, and started to whisper in her ear.

"I will take him away from you," She whispered. "I kill all of your pathetic friends, make you watch while Deathbringer falls in love with me, and *then* kill you."

"What makes you think I care? I'm not interested in a guy like him," Glory lied. *The truth hurts too bad to say it aloud.* "You can have him. Just...let my friends go. You can kill me then. I won't even try to

escape." *I am going to die.*

"No. Then it won't be fun, would it?" Greatness smiled. *She looks just like her father.*

"If I just let you kill me because I don't want to marry you?" Deathbringer said loudly behind her.

"Although I don't understand why a guy would refuse a beautiful girl, I expected you to say that. It is one of your characteristics I love about you, after all. So hard to get. The answer is simple, Deathy. I kill your girlfriend." Greatness pointed a gun at Glory to emphasize her words. "I can kill her, and then you're free to go. I won't stop you. But would you like me to kill of your friend here?"

Deathbringer was sweating with pain. "I'm dying anyway, thanks to your dad. My leg."

Greatness shrugged. "You of all know what we are capable of here. We can heal you with a simple surgery. Of course I wouldn't have allowed that if it wasn't safe for you, Deathy. I care about you."

Glory bristled. *Lies. Does this girl ever stop lying?*

"Then let her go," Deathbringer grimaced. "I'll do whatever you want...let her...go."

Greatness grinned. *No, Deathbringer.*

"No! I'm going to die anyway. Kill me, you witch! Deathbringer, no!" Glory shook her head. *Let me die!*

It was too late. As they dragged Deathbringer away, she realized she wasn't scared of them anymore. That she was used to the pain. So many people, sacrificing themselves to protect her. And what was she doing? Letting them protect her, all this time.

I'm not scared of death anymore.

"Let me die," she whispered. It seemed like mercy compared to this mess.

I love you, Deathbringer.

But it was too late.

Chapter Twenty-Five: Deathbringer

He had passed out.

When he woke up, he noticed two things: that his leg was fixed. Wrapped in bandages, yes, but fixed nevertheless. The horrible pain was gone to he replaced by a calm, sweet feeling.

He was laying on a hospital bed, surrounded by white walls. There were no one else in the room.

Except her.

Greatness. Greatness was with him.

Then he remembered: how Peril betrayed them, how he lost her. How he couldn't protect her.

After all that trouble, he was marrying Greatness, and Glory was about to die.

"You woke up." Greatness said, giving him a kiss on the cheek. He felt a strong urge to wipe it off and gag, but it probably wasn't the best idea. "Good news: we're going to get married in three days. Bad news: you haven't proposed."

He groaned. *Where's Glory?* "Didn't *you* propose to *me*?" *Or threaten to kill the love of my life if I didn't marry you?*

She snorted. "Technically true, but no. Or we can skip it, but you have to tell Father you did. Here is the ring." She tossed it to him like it held no particular importance to her.

It was a gold ring, and he raisedan eyebrow as Greatness showed him hers. "Do you like yours, *darling?*" She said with an exaggerated voice.

He shrugged. "Why is it such a big deal?" He said. "You probably will divorce me during the honeymoon. I have really messy hair in the morning." He stared at it with inner hatred. It was a ring, binding him forever. With Greatness.

"Cute." She patted his cheek. She sat on the side of the bed. "And you *will* love me, someday. You see, not even a stubborn self as you can resist me."

"Hm," he said, not bothering to answer. *Keep thinking that, sweetheart.* "But maybe you can do me a favor?"

"To keep your girlfriend alive? No."

"But why? Isn't this what you wanted? *Us?*" He gave her a smile, trying to sooth his voice. "And you got it. Why should we kill her? Isn't she just a waste of your time?"

Greatness gave him a toothy grin. "I will have my revenge. She tricked me. *You* tricked me. I know for a fact that you do love her, Deathy. And as long as she lives, you will never love *me,* who just happens to be your soon to be wife."

"You can make me forget her," he said hoarsely. *Anything. Just don't hurt her.*

Greatness laughed. "Oh, and I will try. But you see, you won't let me. And the only way to your heart is picking off everyone you love until there's only me left!"

He shivered. Greatness was a maniac. Or a stalker. Probably both. "Greatness, shouldn't we try to be at least a little...peaceful? Like, maybe not start on the death threats the moment we start to actually agree on marrying? Like, give me a month or so. I promise I will be all yours by then."

Greatness narrowed her eyes. "You will never have my trust. You had it, but it was your fault you lost it. That was a big mistake, Deathbringer Black."

Big deal. Do you always talk like this? Like you're handing out death threats? Oh, wait. That IS what you do. Every. Single. Day.

He tried to keep calm, but he hated it when someone tried to control him. He wasn't a piece of furniture, he did not belong to anyone except himself. And he could make his own decisions. He didn't want her trust. He didn't regret shooting her with the dart. "Perhaps if you give me a little freedom, we could actually make this relationship work."

Greatness stood up. "It would work either way."

He clenched his fists. "Why are you doing this, Greatness? Don't you have *mercy*?"

Her eyes flashed, and she leaped on him like a graceful, deadly lioness. "Mercy?" She whispered. She placed a palm on the wall, giving him no place to escape. "Glory Bright will suffer. Why? Because I want her to. And you will love me, and you will show it front of her if you want her to live."

"I have to show her that I love you if I want her to live? Does it mean you will let her live if-"

"Kiss me."

He frowned. *Not this again.* "What?"

"Kiss me. Prove to me that you can act. Prove to me you can love me."

"But why? Isn't hurting her bad enough?"

"She loves you, and it will break her to see you with me. I know it will."

But you're wrong, Greatness. She hates me.

"But you will keep her alive?" He whispered hopefully. Glory was strong. She would move on. She would forget about him. It will take her time, but she was strong enough to do anything.

"I will keep her alive."

Greatness smirked. It was her trap. She was binding him forever,

but she would keep Glory alive.

He put his arms around her waist and pulled her in, and that moment he knew he would do anything for Glory. For her life, he would kiss Greatness, and for her only he would marry her.

He would say his vows with passion even if he didn't feel any, and he would kiss Greatness just as he would kiss a woman of his dreams.

For Glory, he would do anything.

~

Is it bad that I like torturing my readers with Deathbringer X Greatness? Oof.

I would say vote but I hate begging for votes so I will not say to vote.

Tbh, please comment! I like comments waaaay better than votes lolol

Then maybe I will give you another update! AFTER I finish my math homework...

:'(

Chapter Twenty-Six

[image]

Glory

Luck was stupid.

She had attempted breaking in. She had attempted breaking out. And now her friends laid by her side, unconscious, an inch away from death.

And Morrowseer was alive.

SHE HATED HER LIFE. AHHHH.

Ever since she was a little kid, she wanted to become a hero in a story. Fighting monsters and be looked up to (She had spent some time of her life fangirling over percabeth and such. Gods, this was embarrassing).

But she had never thought of the consequences- perhaps that was why she hated it now. She was in dangerous situations (aka being tricked by a cute assassin, or being threatened constantly, or being held hostage by an evil witch). She fought monsters (aka Morrowseer and Greatness). And it sucked.

"Glory?" Sunny murmured in her sleep. Her usual merry face was replaced by a pale, deathly version of Sunny. She was trembling in cold, which broke her heart.

I promised to keep them safe. Glory laughed at herself. *Ha! Right. Like I kept my promises to them.*

Clay- gone. With that evil little no-good rotten banana monster called Peril. Starlight- shot theough the eye. Had he survived? Was he okay?

The thing was, she hated worrying. She hated pressure. She hated everything. If Trouble, Pressure, Betrayal, and Luck were living

beings, she would have turned into an octopus just to slap them twice.

And then she would have turned into herself again just to slap Greatness a hundred times.

Greatness. She hated her. She had taken everything away- her life, Deathbringer, her friends, her happiness, and Deathbringer.

She sighed. No use thinking about it. There was nothing she could do.

She stared at Tsunami and Sunny beside her. They were freezing in here. There was no sunlight. She would preferably sleep and never wake up, if she didn't have a strong urge to slap a lot of people. Like, a *lot* of people.

She tried to drag them close together. She had heard that body heat was an essential part of staying alive in this cold.

Her teeth chattered. So this was how she was going to die- in the darkness. Of hyperthermia. Awesome. Of course, everyone wanted to die in an old cage in the darkness.

Then she realized Kinkajou was nowhere to be seen. She didn't see Kinkajou anywhere, and felt a spark of fear- where was she?

Glory closed her eyes. *Think, Glory, think.*

She couldn't think.

Then the door opened, and a guard came in. Glory was blinded by the light for a few minutes, blinking furiously, when the guard started to drag her. She could hear her friends yelping. "Ahhhhh!" She tried to bite the guard, but she ended up biting nothingness, which just caused pain in her teeth.

"I thought she was supposed to be actually, like, pretty," the guard complained.

"Better than your mom," a different guard said.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" The guard growled, his fist clenched.

"Nothing, Your Highness," the other guard muttered. "Let's get them out of here."

"What's happening?" She croaked.

A third guard stood at the shadows. He was fairly short compared to the other guys. "Come on."

"Gladly," the biggest guard said, huffing. "Make sure you get this girl in line, Waters. Don't you all know I outrank you?"

"In haughtiness?" The guard laughed, and for a moment it seemed like a girl's voice.

"Just because you're a girl-"

The guard took his mask off, revealing to be a handsome, white-haired guy with a ugly frown on his face. He seemed about the age as Kinkajou-maybe a little older- which just worried her more.

"Chill, Winter." The girl took her mask off, too. Had Glory seen her face before?

"GUYS!" The last guy took his mask off. He was shorter than the girl, with a chubby, I'm-totally-harmless face.

"Well, apparently Qibli wants to pick fights," the guy growled. "Stay out of this, Turtle."

"No! We have to get her to Morrowseer, now!"

Qibli gave Winter an innocent smile and turned. "Ooh, Morrowseer. Did you see his daughter? Hot." Qibli fanned herself, ehich confused Glory.

"You!" She managed to say. "With- Deathbringer-"

Qibli gave her a pitiful look. "She remembers me. But, of course, not many people can forget me. It's part of my charm."

Winter snorted.

"Why-?" Glory could barely keep her eyes open. "Help us."

"Let's go!" Winter barked out. "Also, aren't you dating Umber?"

"I told you we broke up a few months ago! You're trying to annoy me," Qibli groaned. But there was a flash of hurt in her eyes. "And you want Moon by yourself!"

"I do not!" Winter's face flushed. Glory inhaled and exhaled, her breaths coming in ragged short gasps.

"Where are you taking me?"

"To Morrowseer." Qibli smiled. Then she whispered in her ear: "We're going to be fine. Your two friends will be safe. I can't do anything about your situation right now, but keep holding on. Reinforcements will be here in a few days."

"What?" Glory said dazedly.

The other guards kept calling, and Qibli flashed her one last smile. "There are spies here. Now, sleep and keep holding on. It will be worth it."

Then Qibli slipped something into her pocket, and Glory passed out.

~

Kinkajou

She woke up on a bed. In a very fluffy bed decorated with little teddy bears. Awesome.

A girl was staring at her, which didn't really seem weird at all. Except the thing in her hands- ooh, a banana.

"Bro, hi, can I please have your banana?"

The girl handed her the banana. The girl was now her friend. AWESOME. Only awesome people gave out bananas willingly.

Right? She sat up and peeled it. When was the last time she ate a fruit? She sighed happily.

"What's your name and how did you get captured?" The girl said. The girl had green eyes and dark, dark hair. She reminded her of avocados. And there was this unicorn aura about her that made Kinkajou feel cold. So awesome.

"Queen Kinkajou Supreme. What about you?" Kinkajou attacked the banana, gulping it down.

The girl raised her eyebrow. "I am Moonwatcher. Moon, for short."

Kinkajou nodded. "So, why am I here?"

"To be my friend. Father said you are the same age as me. Which is...great."

"Uh, sure, I'll be your friend. But I'm hungry, bro."

"I'm not your brother. Why are you calling me bro?" Moon asked confusedly.

"Because you're a bro. Anyway, if you are my friend, can you give me something to eat? Like food? Is that what friends do?"

"I don't really know. But of course. You will be provided here." Moon gave her a smile.

"Cool. So, my friends are in ultimate danger and they're dying, can you help us?" It tumbled out of her mouth like a conversation. Moon didn't seem surprised. "Where is Glory?"

Moon frowned. "I can't help anyone. But sure, I know a girl named Glory. She's the girlfriend of my sister's boyfriend who happens to be her fianceè."

Kinkajou blinked. "Uh, yeah. That's the one. Wait, you're related to the Great Witch?"

Kinkajou wasn't sure what to do: scream, cry, or jump. So she just stayed where she was.

"Greatness? Yes, I am," Moon said softly.

"Um. So are you an evil witch with ninja skills that wants to take over the world?" Kinkajou said, shaking her banana pill treatheningly. "And don't lie, because I can end your life with this!"

Mokn blinked. Was that...amusement in her eyes? Nah. Just pure fear of Queen Kinkajou Supreme.

"I am not like my sister. She doesn't exactly like me. She thinks I'm a freak."

"Sister problems. Cool. Now let's go and kick some butts and save my friends!" Kinkajou said excitedly.

Moon shook her head. "I can't."

Kinkajou frowned at her. "What?!" She gave her her best puppy eyes. "Please? Can at least you tell me where they are?"

"Between the doors of death."

"C'mon!" Kinkajou groaned. "Fine, thanks for the banana, my friend. I'm going alone."

"No!" Moon yelped. "I'll be alone! I mean...You'll die. I can show you a different person, though. What was his name? Clay?" She seemed desperate all of a sudden. Awesome. She could use that against her.

Kinkajou brightened immediately. *Yay!* "Sure. Where is he? Can we save him?"

"He's in middle of surgery," Moon replied. "If we save him now, he will die."

Kinkajou frowned. This place was starting to creep her out. It hadn't been full of rainbows at the beginning, sure, but wow. Creepyyyyyy. "Wow. Um, why is he in a surgery?" She was almost scared to ask, which really wasn't like her at all.

"They're making him like Firescales," Moon replied. Her jade green eyes flashed. Kinkajou suddenly didn't feel so brave anymore. "And

training to he obedient. That was what they did, seven years ago."

Kinkajou widened her eyes. That little chubby guy? Dangerous? *Wut.* "But why?"

"They will order him to kill his friends. He will kill the movie star."

Stop, she wanted to say. She didn't feel so hungry anymore.

Ha. Who was she kidding? Of course she was.

But Kinkajou felt scared.

"Oh, no," she whispered. "When?"

Moon stared at the floor. "She visited me yesterday. She said it will be set up in an arena for everyone to see."

Kinkajou closed her eyes. She wanted to shut the world out. Suddenly, everything sucked. But Moon kept talking.

"He will kill Glory Bright during the wedding."

~

I wanna slap myself for not updating sooner. If you want to slap me, please wait at the line. Lol.

Remember to vote and comment! Thank you for your support :')

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Glory

Through the corner of her eye, she could see a woman and Morrowseer. She was sitting on a chair, her hands tied to her back. Her wrists hurt.

Her friends were nowhere to be seen. Morrowseer was inviting the guests front of her, like he wanted to annoy her even further.

And he was succeeding. She was annoyed out of her mind.

"Scarlet," he said, bowing mockingly. The woman covered in red jewels didn't notice. Her clothes made her think about Glory's old life, where she got to wear sparkling clothes and party. It almost made her laugh. It seemed such a long time ago.

"Why, your friend is also here. You had friends?" Morrowseer bowed again. "Hello, Burn."

"Your daughter is getting married? What a surprise," Scarlet replied thinly, ignoring Morrowseer's comment. "Who in their right mind would marry *her*?"

No one. It's called a forced marriage. It's literally forced, Glory wanted to explain. Scarlet had that kind or a vibe. She just seemed so stupid, it made her want to explain things to her.

Morrowseer sneered. "How many times did you divorce again, my lady?"

Wow, these people are savages, Glory thought. She snickered, ignoring Morrowseer's glare. Today was a crazy day. She didn't feel right, and rightfully so. If she was going to die today, why not enjoy it?

She wasn't scared anymore. Right?

Scarlet glared at Morrowseer and turned, letting out a little gasp as she saw Glory. She stared at her like an animal in a zoo, and Glory stared back, scowling.

Then Scarlet scrunched her nose like Glory was smelly (which she probably was) and stared at her in distaste, like she had something disgusting on her face (which probably was also true). "What's that?"

"It's a girl, Scarlet. Have you seen one before?" Morrowseer rolled his eyes. "She will be killed today. My wedding gift, you could say."

Scarlet's eyes lightened up in sudden interest. "You should put it in the front row, next to me. And then the bride can do the honors and kill it. Or the groom can kill it for her. *Much* better than a wedding vow."

Morrowseer seemed to consider the idea. "Not bad. It will be bloody. Are you ready for it?"

Glory glared daggers at him, but he ignored her. The woman beside him shrugged. She had beautiful red hair and sparkling yellowish-amber eyes. Glory stared, surprised. *Did she do a surgery to change her eye color?*

"It's been a while, but it'll be okay." She narrowed her eyes. She had long, thin eyebrows, and she raised them perfectly. "Are you challenging me?"

Morrowseer motioned with his hands, like Scarlet was a little insect bothering him. "I will grant it to you, then. Seeing that you are one of, ah, the most powerful people here." Morrowseer bowed again, mockingly.

Scarlet seemed smug. "Have someone carry her."

Glory felt people grabbing her, but she didn't try to struggle. She could feel the small bottle of something pressing against her in her pants pocket. She had stared at it after Morrowseer had talked to her. She didn't know what it was. It was a black liquid.

She locked eyes with Morrowseer. He was staring at her, but with

something different in his eyes. Pity? Sympathy? Something had changed, in that slightest moment. His face softened. He opened his mouth to say something, but no words ever came out.

Looking at him for three seconds, she could identify something. Emotions. It was regret. Sadness.

She felt disgust.

I am going to die in the hands of my bitterest enemy.

~

When Greatness entered, Glory cringed. Despite all her faults, Greatness was beautiful. She seemed like a goddess- or perhaps an angel- as she walked to Deathbringer with Morrowseer's arm linked to hers.

She had flowing black hair, and her white dress wrapped around her like a flower. Her face was pale and the flowers she held was mixed with black colors. Morrowseer seemed bored, as always.

And the worst thing- Greatness seemed happy. Her eyes shone, and it seemed real. "Witch," Glory whispered.

There was someone beside Greatness- her mother, perhaps? Scarlet answered her question. "Tsk tsk, that girl's mom is fat as always," Scarlet muttered. "What was her name again, Burn? Battle crusher or something?"

Her friend beside her seemed annoyed, but answered anyway. "Battlewinner, idiot."

Glory had worked up a plan. She knew it was her only way. She knew that she had to do something. But two things: her hands were tied. And she was too far away from Greatness and Deathbringer.

Deathbringer. She hadn't looked at him. She couldn't. If she did, she knew she would break down. She knew she would become afraid again. And she couldn't have that. Anything but the fear that had trapped her for so long.

Scarlet was talking to someone beside her. "Yes! And I had him stuffed. And now, I can look at him everyday. It was such a shame, except he doesn't whine anymore."

Think, Glory, think.

She couldn't. All she could do was stare helplessly as Greatness made her way to Deathbringer. She looked around desperately, and to her surprise, she saw Kinkajou next to a girl that looked exactly like Greatness.

She felt betrayed and exhausted. Her friends. Deathbringer. And now, even Kinkajou. They were all slowly becoming one of Morrowseer's toys. It felt like the past was replaying itself. And that was when she knew.

It was over.

Greatness took Deathbringer's hand in hers. And then she stared at him, like she was daring him to snatch it away.

He didn't.

And that was what hurt the most.

The priest stared at both of them, sweating nervously. Glory felt like her world was spinning.

"Do you, Deathbringer Black, take Greatness Absher as your wife?" The priest said timidly.

Deathbringer glanced at Greatness. *There. Now you have done it,* Glory scolded herself. *You've seen him.*

"I do," Deathbringer said, without hesitation. And it pierced her heart.

Greatness grinned. Something passed between them, something like, *I win.*

"An do you, Greatness Absher, take Deathbringer Black as-"

"I do," Greatness snapped. Then she stared at the ring and placed it on Deathbringer's finger.

"I announce you as husband and wife!" The priest said. Everyone clapped.

Greatness pulled Deathbringer close and kissed him, and to Glory's disappointment, he kissed back.

Scarlet seemed disgusted. "This is not thrilling at all. When are we going to see blood and like, gore?"

Glory sighed. It really was over. Nobody was going to rescue them. She didn't have a plan. Well, she did, but it would never work.

She was alone.

Greatness smiled at the crowd, her cheeks flushing. "And now," she yelled. "The blood you were promised!" People cheered, although Morrowseer seemed a little uncomfortable.

Glory felt her heart thumping. This was it. She was going to die. She knew it as soon as Greatnesss looked at her and smirked.

"I promise you," Greatness said. Her voice was was quiet, like she was sharing a secret, or maybe a joke, but everyone heard it. Her words rang inside Glory's brain, like an echo.

Greatness looked right at Glory. And Glory could feel the fear. The hate. It swallowed her. She was trembling with emotion.

Greatness gripped Deathbringer's hand. And he seemed empty. Like he had loved her all this time. Like the time he had spent with Glory, as short as it was, was nothing. And it shattered her heart into a million pieces. Greatness was looking at her, daring to interfere. She couldn't.

"I promise you the blood of Clay Mud," She yelled, and that was when the gates opened, and Clay came in.

Except it wasn't Clay.

Clay was a kind, loving soul. Her friend. Her brother. She could remember the kindness in his eyes as he gave her his bread even though he was starving, how excited he was for her when she left, how warm his hugs were.

This wasn't Clay.

Clay had a clumsiness to him. His brown eyes were warm. His brown hair was always a little ruffled, like he had rolled out from bed. And he had a smile for everyone.

Glory felt tears sting her eyes. And they came like a leaking sink. She hadn't felt this for a long time. And now, her mistakes, her sins, everything was coming back to haunt her.

Clay was innocent. He was loving. He was selfless. He was kind. He was happy. He was...Clay. That was how he was.

Glory felt herself reaching out to him, to do anything, but then someone was holding her back. She screamed. Guards came to her and gripped her arm, but it didn't stop her. She hated them. She kicked and wailed and screamed.

Clay loved her. She loved Clay. Clay was a part of her life.

This wasn't Clay.

It was a monster.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Twenty-Eight

Clay

The sun was shining, and he felt happy. Flowers surrounded him, and trees shadowed him from the harsh heat of the sun. A soft breeze blew. Birds chirped.

His friends were around him. Sunny. She was smiling, too. She seemed happy, which made him even happier. She ran among the trees until she disappeared out of sight.

Tsunami. She seemed like a bird, resting against a tree, her eyes closed. He had never seen her so relaxed. Tsunami had always been the one to defend them- she had always been alert, always careful. But now...She seemed free.

He saw Starlight. He was reading a book, his black eyes sparkling. Clay could remember something. Blood. Starlight. Something that had to do with his eyes. He shrugged the thought off.

Starflight was the smartest of them all. He read restlessly. And that was the thing with Starflight- he had earned his brain, all his facts that never failed to be helpful.

And Glory. She seemed the happiest of them all. She was walking on the grass, her blonde hair flying, and a smile tugged along her lips. And he finally smiled. Everything was alright. They were back together again.

"Guys," he said. "We're finally happy. All of us. You don't have to worry anymore." He felt warm. He had never felt so safe. But something was missing- what was it?

But they kept doing what they were doing. Which puzzled Clay. "Guys!" He tried again. They didn't hear him. They seemed like they

were in their own little world. Or was it him?

"They can't hear you," a voice behind him said. He turned, his heart skipping. He was afraid to lose this. This happiness. This safety.

It was Peril.

He immediately felt full. Like he was complete. He smiled in relief and grasped her hand. Her face was fuzzy. The entire thing was fuzzy, like he was standing in middle of a fog, but he felt impossibly happy. "You're here."

"You have to fight this, Clay," Peril said. He could see her eyes through the fog. Blue and beautiful. Like two moons.

"Fight what?" He said, confused. "This is a safe place."

And then he heard screaming. He looked around him, his heart beating wildly again. Nobody was there. But it sounded like someone was crying. And it felt awfully familar.

"What's that sound?" He said. "We need to help."

"It's your friend, Clay." Peril seemed sad. "You're trapped inside you. I know, because I've been there. You must learn to take control. Give it up- the feeling of happiness, the safety. You must listen to me, Clay."

Clay released Peril's hand. The air didn't seem so warm anymore. "This? Give it up?" He frowned. "I can't," he said quickly. He looked around. He couldn't do that to his friends. They were finally happy.

"You're at a wedding. Soon, they'll call you, and you'll fight me. Do you want that?" Her blue eyes stared back. They were so cold, so afraid. Was he seeing things?

"I can't. You have to understand- this is everything I've ever wanted."

The voice screamed again. "You must fight. Clay, listen to me. Listen to my voice. This isn't real. It's all in your head. Fight-"

And then Peril stopped talking. She became still, her face relaxed. And when he talked, she seemed like she couldn't hear. A happy smile replaced her frown.

Give this up? How can I?

Clay closed his eyes. He tried to concentrate. *This isn't real.*

But I want it to be real.

But it isn't.

Clay felt a strong desire to open his eyes again, to find relief in feeling that his friends were safe. That they were happy.

What is my weakness?

He tried to think. But thinking had never been his strength. And he realized how alone he was. In that moment, he was truly alone.

He didn't have his friends. He didn't have Peril. He only had darkness.

"This isn't real," he said again. And then he opened his eyes.

Something flashed in his mind. The perfect forest began to fade away. He cried out, reaching for it, but realized that he couldn't feel his arms.

He could only see.

And he saw his hands. Around someone's neck. He was choking her. He tried to struggle, blood rushing into his ears. He could barely see. He couldn't feel.

He was choking a girl. And in the corner, there was a different girl. She was crying. She was screaming.

Glory.

He gained control only for a moment. He loosened his arms, releasing the girl. He forced himself to look around him. All he

could see was white. White seats, white curtains. White carpets. White dresses.

He slowly turned and lowered his eyes so he could see the girl. The girl he had been choking. The girl he would have killed.

He felt a sense of dread.

It was Peril. And she was coughing blood.

~

Glory

When Peril was dragged along with Clay, chaos broke loose.

Clay roared. He ran to Peril, his pupils widening until the beautiful, warm brown of his eyes was eaten away by the black. He seemed like a monster. He was a monster.

Peril seemed prepared. She dodged his attack, making him stumble. The crowd roared with anticipation.

She felt someone hold her arm, blocking her mouth while she screamed. She could taste her tears.

"Let me go!" She screamed. She struggled against the rope tightened around her wrists. Morrowseer had left the room. Perhaps it was mercy. Perhaps it was accidental. But it was enough for her to loosen. She had pulled against it the entire evening. She squirmed free and kicked the guard in the shins.

She could see Scarlet laughing beside her. She could see Scarlet's red lipstick. And she felt anger. *How can someone just watch by while people kill each other?*

She turned to look at Clay. He was fighting. Everyone's eyes were on him and Peril. He was choking her. He could kill her. He *would* kill her. She screamed again, except it was mixed with sobs. She could barely see.

That was when the the real chaos broke loose. A guard came up to

the gates and opened it. He screamed. "They have invaded us! The experiments! They are all exploding!"

Everyone screamed and ran out of their seats. People ran out of the room, people tripping each other. Soon, gunshots were heard.

Get to Clay, Glory.

She turned and searched wildly for anything. Anything that could help her. And that was when she locked eyes with Deathbringer. He was watching her with an urgent expression.

She remembered the bottle. The bottle filled with black liquid. She whipped it out. Qibli would have given it to her for a reason. She stared at Deathbringer. He was being dragged away by Greatness, whose face was contorted in rage. Guards came to help her.

Venom, he mouthed. And then he disappeared.

And she knew.

Someone grabbed her wrist. "Get me out of here, mutt," Scarlet hissed. She was pointing something at her. The guards ran away.

A gun, she realized. *She's pointing a gun at me.*

"Get me out of here," Scarlet repeated. "Or I will shoot you."

That was when Glory came up with a plan. A short, messed up plan.

But it started with throwing the black liquid at Scarlet's face. She knew the venom was deadly. And she also knew that if anyone deserved the venom, Scarlet was probably the first on the list.

And that was what she did.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Twenty-Nine

Glory

It sounded like burning skin.

The black venom sizzled against Scarlet's shocked face. And to Glory's horror, it started to melt off. Scarlet screamed, clawing at her face. Her friend, Burn, ran away without even giving her a second glance.

Glory felt sorry for the woman screaming on the floor. It really did seem painful. "You probably killed a lot of people. You probably helped to create this venom. Did you think you could get away with it?" Glory blinked.

"Help...me," Scarlet screamed. Glory stood there, unable to do anything for a moment. And that was when Scarlet reached for her throat.

Luckily, Scarlet's grip wasn't firm, but it was clear in the murderous look in her eyes that Glory had made an enemy.

Glory tore her eyes away, coughing, and ran to the place Clay and Peril were fighting. Clay was punching her, and Peril wasn't fighting back. She just kept talking.

"Clay! Clay!" She sobbed. *Not this not this not this.*

Clay stopped, but only for a moment. He turned to her, his black pupils staring right at her. "Glory," a voice that didn't seem like Clay's said, cold and angry.

"Clay!" She felt the tears again. She had never felt so much fear. She cried out again. "Clay!"

"Give it up, Clay! Control yourself! You're killing her!" Peril shouted

from the back. She was running towards them, her face bloody. Her lip was swollen. Her hands lit up with fire. "Think wisely."

"Don't hurt him!" Glory cried, trying to run to her. Clay seemed confused. *Traitor. She's trying to hurt him, she will kill him-*

"Keep talking to him!" Peril shouted, to her surprise. "Clay, it isn't real! None of you are safe!"

Clay shook his head. "Safety. Warmth. Protection-"

"Think, Clay, think! We have to get out of here. They will kill us all!" Glory sobbed. She felt empty, utterly broken. Clay was fighting a battle against himself, and there was nothing she could do. "Please!"

Peril was slowly walked to him, her expression full of caution. "Your friends. They are in danger. Open your eyes and see, Clay. Open your eyes," she said, calm.

"What are you doing?" Glory demanded. "We have to get out of here!"

Peril flashed her an irritated look. But her eyes were full of fear. *For what? She's not in danger. Why is she afraid?* "You don't know what it's like. Being in that paradise in your head-fighting to gain control. Don't speak like you know what it feels like."

"Why should I believe you?" Glory challenged, as Clay gripped his head. She cried out and ran to him, but Peril held her back. Glory thought she was trying to burn her, but the fire had subsided.

"Because I-" Peril started. "I-"

Glory laughed, in a moment of insanity. She felt anger, and she directed it to Peril. "What? You love him or something? If it wasn't for you, we would have been safe. We could have escaped!"

Peril flushed. "I didn't-"

But then the explosion happened. It was like a bomb. Everythin started to blow up. *It was timed. Someone's trying to kill the assassins.*

She felt amused. She shouldn't have been, but she was. *The assassins are being assassinated.*

In what seemed like a slow in time, Glory was lifted off the ground and was forced onto a wall. The air was knocked out of her. Numbing pain blinded her.

She reached for Clay, for anything, but nothing came into her reach. She closed her eyes. The screams seemed far away. A surge of horrible pain- heat- exploded all around her body. But then the darkness came, and something hit her face, like a piece of glass.

She was in the air- up, up, up- and everything seemed to slow down. She could feel her hair flying upwards.

In that moment, she felt like an angel.

~

Sunny

She was always the small one, the kind one, the soft one. She always held everyone together. She brought out the best in everyone.

The good thing about being the glue in a friend group: you got to cheer people up. Everyone liked you. People treated you nicely. You stopped fights, kept everyone together, and helped people.

The bad thing about it: nobody took you seriously. People thought you were an innocent baby that needed to be protected. And even though you helped people with everything you had, sometimes you didn't get any back.

She woke up smelling smoke. She coughed, and she opened her eyes immediately.

The first thing she searched for- her friends. Tsunami was right there next to her. Tsunami shivered. Sunny checked her forehead, but no fever. That was a good sign. Probably.

She stood up and walked around the cell. She shook the door, and

to her surprise, it snapped open. There were no guards. Up close, the smell of fire was unmistakable. Excited, she ran back to Tsunami, who was sleeping, a soft frown on her face.

"Tsunami, wake up," Sunny whispered, nudging her. She remembered voices. She remembered the cell. She remembered the betrayal, which had hurt because she had believed that Peril was a friend.

They needed to find their friends. "Tsunami, wake up!" Sunny shouted. Tsunami's blue eyes snapped open, and her shoulders tensed immediately, searching the room for dangers.

It was probably a habit. It made Sunny sorry for her. Tsunami had defended them for so long, it was in her blood. She never got peace, not really.

Maybe that can be my job, too . To sympathize with people.

"Our friends are gone." Sunny pointed at the cell door. "The cell door's open. Let's go find them. It smells like a fire-"

"Great. Let's go," Tsunami interrupted, fully alert. She grabbed Sunny's wrist and kicked the door open. They ran to the end of the room. The door was locked.

"What should we do?" Sunny said. *What is this?*

"Stand back," Tsubami ordered. Then she did a swift kick, and the door flew open. She grinned. "I learned that from my stunt double."

They ran into the bigger room. It was lined up with cells, each of them empty. It led up to a hallway. They ran towards it. Tsunami sniffed the air, and motioned for Sunny to lift her shirt up to her nose. Tsunami scanned the hallway, cautiously walking. She peeked into a room. Nobody was there.

They went into the room. It seemed like someone had been there. The papers were scattered. And that was when Sunny saw the timer. "We have to get out of here."

"Do you see something?" Tsunami said distractedly, eyeing the blue

liquid in one of the tables.

"A timer. Why would they do this? Maybe someone caught them. Or...maybe someone's trying to destroy their place. Their work."

Tsunami frowned. "You might be right. Since we can't scan every room, we'll need to go quickly. Let's go this way, shall we?"

"No. The rooms are abandoned, which means there's a big event going on. Smell the fire? And the timer? Maybe they're erasing evidence. That would explain the lack of prisoners. But what we know for sure is that we have to go that way. We have to find Starlight first. He got shot in the eyes, which means Morrowseer didn't want to kill him, which hopefully means he's in one of the hospital beds. Seeing that we weren't freed, nobody probably cares about him either. So we go this way, near rooms with the hospital beds."

Tsunami widened her eyes. "Woah. Okay. Let's go that way."

They ran. The smoke got worse, and they could see a spark of fire from the way they came from. It quickly spread, and Sunny and Tsunami looked at every room near the hospital part of the building. He wasn't there.

"Maybe I'm wrong," Sunny stressed. "Maybe-"

"No. You're right. Let's keep searching," Tsunami said confidently, but Sunny could tell it was fake.

As they kept going, coughing from the smell of smoke. They were getting further away, but it still made Sunny' troat sore.

They got into a room. A big door. Tsunami opened it swiftly with one motion. Sunny entered it, her heart thundering.

There was a gun on the floor. It seemed like someone had abandoned it. She picked it up, confused. Why would they abandon everything all of a sudden?

The bed seemed messy, like it hadn't been long since someone had slept in it. She walked to Tsunami and gave her the gun. She was

about to voice her suspicions when a voice came behind them.

Tsunami noticed it first. Without hesitating, she pushed Sunny beside the bed, hiding her from view, and pointed the gun at the movement behind them.

But it was too late.

It was a girl, and she was with the boy. Was it Deathbringer? He was nicely dressed, with black tie and all, but his black hair was messy. He seemed pale, and there was a nasty bruise on his cheek.

"Move, and your friend dies," a girl said beside Deathbringer. Sunny had seen her too. Morrowseer had introduced her to Sunny at the beginning. *Greatness.*

She noticed two things immediately.

That Greatness was in a wedding gown. Perhaps it was a good sign, perhaps it was not. But it was clear who she was being married to. The guy beside her, Deathbringer. Which also meant that she needed to add him to the list of friends that betrayed them and was pure evil.

And the second: she was pointing a gun. Not at Sunny. Not at Tsunami.

She was pointing the gun straight at Starflight's head.

Chapter Thirty

Kinkajou

"Run!" Moon shrieked, grabbing her wrist. Kinkajou looked back at Clay.

"No!" Kinkajou said. "You may be my friend, and you have bananas, but I don't want to come with you!"

Moon widened her eyes. "If you don't, you'll die!"

Kinkajou felt...anger. *WOAH.* "NO! And leave the people there? The ones you and your family hurt? Do you have no sympathy?"

Moon seemed afraid. Near them, somebody screamed. There was a flicker in her eyes- confusion? Pain?- but then she shook her head. "I didn't hurt those people," she whispered timidly.

Kinkajou huffed. She was angry. But most of all, she was disappointed. "Then go. I'm not coming with you. I can see through you. You have been hiding in the shadows ever since you were born. You know what I feel? PITY. Because you can be better but you suck!"

She ran back, not daring to look at Moon again. Everything was exploding around her. But she ran. She could hear Moon's fading footsteps.

Anger. Pain . Hate. The feelings she had tried for so long to push back.

Unavoidable, hateful pain.

"Glory!" She yelled. *Stop thinking. Stop thinking. They're safe. They're safe. Safe. Safe. Safe.*

But they kept coming-

She remembered bananas. She remembered warmth. She remembered

opening her eyes in the sun. She remembered a voice , warm and comforting.

"No," she whispered. "Stop remembering. Don't let it control you." She felt tears sting her eyes. "STOP IT."

It didn't stop.

"You'll be safe there, darling."

But she wasn't safe, she realized. But she trusted her. The voice. Was it her family? Her mother? She could not remember. She had avoided it for so long. Hope. It felt foreign.

She could not remember anything.

Just the rainforest fading away as the car sped forward, watching it get smaller and smaller at the back of the truck, with the other kids. The hot sun. The beautiful sun, shining on her back, now her enemy.

Her throat begging for water. The people in the black suits. The crying children.

You have to do something, the voice in her head said.

"Glory!" She shouted. But it seemed like a small voice. "GLORY!"

For a moment, she cried with them. But then she saw the people in the black suits. They were taking the weakest. They were taking them away to a different place.

Stay strong, Kinkajou.

So she cheered up. Forcing her tears down, laughing and laughing and laughing. And people laughed with her.

She was that girl with the happy smiles. Because she needed to be. Even with tears sliding down her face, she was happy. Or she told herself she was, because there was no other choice.

Smoke. It was everywhere. It hurt her lungs. It hurt to breathe. Her breaths were coming out in short gasps.

Am I really safe here? In this place of no warmth, no trees? Where do I even belong?

She coughed and coughed and coughed. And she ran. The smoke kept getting stronger, and it stung her eyes.

Then she saw them. Glory was screaming, tears streaming down her face. A big teenager was fighting a girl, reaching out to choke her.

Kinkajou felt tears sting her eyes. From the smoke or fear, she wasn't sure. "HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!"

Then the explosion happened.

She flew backwards. She wasn't near it as they were. But the pain was quick and full of agony. It was merciless. She closed her eyes, unable to move. The breath was knocked out of her as she landed.

After a few moments, she after breathe. But the smoke was entering her lungs. She hated it. She coughed and coughed. And it hurt.

Then she saw someone running to her direction. A group of people. *Maybe it's a hallutation,* she thought. The tears kept coming. And she felt empty.

You'll be safe, darling.

Is this safe? Fighting for your life, getting deceived? Is this safe?

"Help," she whispered.

Just sleep. And it will be over. Just close your eyes and it will be okay. Maybe it's safe there.

But there was something coming. Closer and closer.

Somebody lifted her and set her on his back. He wasn't strong, but he seemed determined. Other people helped Glory. And the others.

And she felt the tears. They kept coming. It fell on the floor, on the boy's shirt, on her hand. But it kept coming. And it broke out into sobs.

"It's going to be okay," the boy whispered, noticing her tears. Maybe he was talking to himself. But it felt like he was talking to her. And his voice was comforting. "It's okay. It'll be safe soon."

And then some more people came. She closed her eyes. She kept coughing, but she could feel the smoke clearing up after a while. The boy smelled like flowers.

And that moment, everything did seem okay.

~

Moon

"Then go. I'm not coming with you. I can see through you. You have been hiding in the shadows ever since you were born. You know what I feel? PITY. Because you can be better but you suck!"

Pity?

She didn't want to run, but she was running. Except she was running down the stairs, she was going upward.

Kinkajou was right. She was nothing but a shadow. Afraid to do anything. Knowing the difference between right and wrong but still doing nothing.

She was running. And then she saw people.

For some reason, she didn't say anything. Her hand reached for her gun. It was a dart gun. Erasing a person's memory in three seconds. She had loaded it with three darts. She cursed herself for not being fully prepared— she just had to hope it would be enough.

She followed them, silently. Then she realized who it was.

Greatness and her fiance. Deathbringer Black.

Greatness. She was always the one being criticized. By father, by mother. They were only half sisters- Greatness's mother was a harsh woman. She refused to even speak to Moon. And sometimes, she would slap Greatness for every little thing.

Even though her own mother had been kicked out of the center, at least Moon knew that Secretkeeper had *loved* her.

She felt a spark of hope. *Maybe I can find her.*

She narrowed her eyes. *Don't think about it now.* She could see Greatness pointing her gun at someone. *Father. And her mother. They made her like this. A heartless, merciless monster.*

Maybe this is what Kinkajou feels for me— pity. Pity because I can do better than this but I don't.

"Drop the gun, and maybe I'll save your little blind friend's life," Greatness hissed.

Glory's friends. They can help Kinkajou. I need to go back for her.

Without hesitation, she raised her dart. She aimed at Greatness. It would take three seconds for her to react. It would be enough.

Then Deathbringer would be next. If he was just standing there, he must be an enemy, too. He was probably just as heartless as the most of them. Well, there was a gun pointed at his back, but still. He was Greatness's fiance, right?

But she remembered the days he had helped her train. They barely talked, but the kindness in his eyes, the strong desire to like him, the feeling that she wanted to protect him, that he was a part of her family— was it all fake?

But they had grown up with her. They had reasons for what they did— like protecting their family. The job was forced on them. It wasn't their fault, not necessarily.

She didn't have time. It would have to do.

The guards she could take, maybe with Kinkajou's friends. They would help her, wouldn't they?

She aimed. She breathed in, she breathed out.

She shot.

~

Okay.

So I googled "moonwatcher71" (I won't be ashamed. You should always google yourself once a while. It's FUN.) And guess what it showed?

Someone had been posting my stories? Somewhere else? On a different website?

To that person:

HI. Thank you for being considerate enough to write my stories there! As long as you give me credit, it's fine.

It would be cool if you admitted who you are, so I know that it's just a friendly person who just wishes to share my awesome (just kidding crappy) writing ! It just surprised me because I never knew about it.

THANKS!

Chapter Thirty-One

Deathbringer

"Greatness," he said carefully. He stared at Starflight. The guards were behind them. If only they weren't there, pointing the gun at his back. If only he could fight Greatness and go back for Glory.

What if Glory's dead and it's your fault?

There were two hints. The sound and the touch.

He heard the noise. He heard the soft breaths. He heard soft footsteps. It was barely audible. Perhaps the reason he heard it was because he had trained with her for so long. Maybe it was luck.

It was like madness. The gun pointing at his back, the firm grip, loosened by little. The guards had noticed, too. He knew he was next.

And he jumped out of the way.

For that, as much as he hated Morrowseer, he had to thank him. It was his training that had made him so deadly, after all.

He had jumped out of the way for two seconds when he realized that Starflight could be in danger. "Starflight!" He cried out, reaching for him.

Greatness got shot first. He had darted just in time.

Greatness was aware of the dart the second she crumpled to the ground. Her eyes flashed in anger for one second, and then fluttered shut. The next aim was him, and he knew it.

The guard didn't think so. Poorly trained, he dropped his gun and ran for his life, thinking that Greatness was dead. The other guard followed just as quickly.

The footsteps faded away. He searched the spots: yes, the stairs. It was pretty far, but Moon had deadly accuracy.

Starflight stared at him in suspicion, and he shook his head. "I'm not going to kill you." He turned. "And Moon, your aim is getting better."

Moon seemed surprised. But why wouldn't he notice? Deathbringer had grown up with her. When he and Greatness trained together, she was always behind them, tagging along.

He used to help her with guns. They didn't really talk, but it had been enough- he knew her reflexes just as if it was his own.

They were never close, but she was like the little, precious thing he never really understood, someone he had to protect.

She didn't flinch. She barely seemed surprised. She had always seemed mysterious, with the rumor that she was the result of Morrowseer cheating with one of the assistants. Greatness's mother — Battlewinner— had been furious.

She stepped out of the shadows. The air was clear, but he could smell the rising smoke. "You, take Greatness. Glory's friends, Kinkajou needs help."

Moon seemed like she had found something. Something about herself. She seemed like she was in control. It made him wonder if he would ever be able to find his own.

But you did. Glory.

"Of course," he replied. "Is-"

Is Glory okay? Is she dead? Did she make it?

Oh no. He could imagine her dead body in the smoke. Just like the image Morrowseer had shown him- the dead body of his mother.

What is Glory was dead, too?

Glory's friends ran out of the room, the blue haired one- Tsunami?-

still holding the gun suspiciously. Without a word, they followed Moon, not even bothering to glance at him.

He didn't mind. He lifted Greatness off the floor and ran down the stairs. As they got lower, he could smell the smoke.

Some other people were there. Moon raised her dart and Tsunami stalked closer, raising her shirt so that it covered her nose.

They weren't guards. They weren't people from the wedding.

It was them- Qibli, Winter, and Turtle. They were helping someone, lifting up a girl. He ran into the room, letting someone else hold Greatness. The big guy was bleeding. Clay? It didn't matter. Nothing mattered.

Clay seemed confused. He was gripping his bleeding head, breathing heavily. He lifted an unconscious Peril into his arms and stared at him with haunted eyes. Deathbringer shooed him out of the way.

And there she was. Qibli was looking at her. Her face was covered in burns. She was unconscious. But peaceful, in a deadly way.

He stood there. Breathing in the smoke. Tsunami and Sunny ran over to them, and Tsunami managed to place Glory over her back. And then she ran to the stairs, following Turtle and Winter.

He and Qibli ran toward them. *Glory could be dead and it will be your fault,* his mind whispered. His head throbbed. He couldn't get the image out of his mind- the burns on her face, her closed eyes-

"Guys, get back," Moon shouted over the smoke. "I hear something."

He heard nothing. Only the pain, the despair. He couldn't get Glory's face out of his mind. What if he had lost her? What if-

That was when Scarlet stepped out of the shadows and laughed. Half of her face was bloody- it made him shudder. Her dress was ripped. Her eyes flashed in madness.

He instinctively reached for his gun, but he didn't have one.

Everyone was getting out, getting out as soon as possible out of this hell. To somewhere where they could help Glory.

Qibli gasped and pointed a gun at her, but it seemed like she couldn't bring herself to shoot her.

Moon raised her dart. She seemed pale as the fire got stronger and stronger. "Back away or I'll shoot you."

Scarlet laughed. The laughter eventually turned into coughs. He could see the blood that was on her hand, but Scarlet didn't even glance at it.

"Morrowseer's daughter, are you?" Scarlet rasped. "I saw you coming to save those little freaks. The ones that turned me like this!" She screamed. Qibli slowly backed away, and so did Moon. He followed them.

In the corner of his eye, he could see Starflight calling for help. *No. Keep going.*

"I will kill you all. I will KILL YOU LITTLE FREAKS!" Scarlet shrieked, reaching out with her jewel-covered hand. "I AM THE QUEEN!"

He backed away and Qibli fired, only to miss again and again. Scarlet was gripping something in her hand. Something small. But the corners of her bloody mouth was tilted up, like she was laughing at a sick joke.

That was when he realized that she wasn't mad after all- just determined.

"Moon, back away from there!" He shouted, reaching out, oh, to do anything. Moon turned and stared at him, her eyebrow raised to say, *no kidding.*

And then Scarlet threw the bomb into the fire, and it exploded. He screamed. It threw him back a couple feet, but it was the smallest one in their collection- the one that had been bought by Scarlet long ago.

"MOON!" He screamed. The fire lapped at his feet. Qibli got up shakily and she was dragging him to the stairs, away from the fire. The floor was beginning to collapse. And soon, so would the stairs.

He waved his arms desperately. He screamed and screamed and screamed, but all he couldn't hear anything.

He could see her body in the smoke, burning. A part of the fire. The little girl, the one that had been a part of his life without him ever realizing, the one that had been in control of her life just a few minutes ago. She was dead. Burning up.

Qibli tugged at him until he got up and dragged him down the stairs. He could feel the tears, the hate, the agony.

He could see his friends, the worried look on their faces. Sunny asked where Moon was. Qibli shook her head.

Was life really this unfair? Was life really like this? So short and so sad? So brilliantly horrible?

The tears kept falling, and he kept running. Running from what? Running to where? Somewhere better? How could anything get better, after what he had witnessed?

That moment, he wanted to die. But he just ran.

~

Chapter Thirty-Two

Sunny

It seemed impossible to reach. The light seemed like it was fading away. Her heart felt like it would burst. She could hear the walls collapsing, they they would be a part of this building if they didn't get out quicker.

But they did reach it. Except it wasn't much better.

Morrowseer. He had torn clothes and his tie was ripped. He was staring at the burning building without a particular emotion.

"They told me she was with you." Morrowseer turned. Morrowseer had always puzzled Sunny. The mysterious man, the broken, cold, merciless man. And she had always felt pity for him.

Nobody replied. Everyone seemed broken and exhausted. *We came all this way to be killed by Morrowseer.*

Even she felt tired. What was the point of running when everything eventually returned to the beginning?

"You think I have waited here to kill you. It's not true." Morrowseer stared pointedly at Sunny. She felt a spark of surprise and hope.

He continued. "I know Glory Bright is unconscious. I know I tricked you. I know I shot him in the eye." He nodded at Starflight. "But I won't bother you again."

And they just stood there, staring at him. It was almost funny, ironic. Morrowseer wasn't apologizing, he was striking a deal.

"On what condition?" She asked. Her voice seemed tired and raspy. Her face stung from the heat.

"They said Moonwatcher was with you." Morrowseer blinked slowly. His face was emotionless, but his eyes told a different story.

"Believe it or not, but I have changed. I feel no anger towards any of you. I feel a new interest in life: in family. I'm an old man. My interests from before doesn't excite me any longer."

Morrowseer searched their faces for something. Sunny only felt dread. And what surprised her was that she felt dread not because he would kill them all after knowing the truth. It was because he would be utterly broken— as a man, as a father— after he heard what had happened.

She hadn't known her well. But she felt the dread, the hate, the sadness all the same. She felt fear that any of them could die so quickly, so meaninglessly. She felt pain. That a little girl could die— for what? Because of a woman wanted revenge for something Moon wasn't even a part of?

"It all started when Greatness was born. I watched her get broken, like me. Into an obeying killing machine. I wanted to spare Moonwatcher. I still do." Morrowseer closed his eyes for a moment and opened them again. "Please, I know I made your lives hell. But this— I helped you."

He nodded at Qibli. "I was working to shut off the assassin system when I realized Thorn was already doing it. So I turned a blind eye whenever she worked, although the job was very poorly done." Qibli bristled at the last words, but Morrowseer ignored her.

He stared at them, especially at Sunny. *He knows that I am the most forgiving,* she realized.

"Of course, I don't care for any of you. Just let me have Moon, and we'll be off." He thought for a moment, and added, "I can't fight you all. But she will be safe with me."

"Morrowseer."

Morrowseer raised his eyebrow as Deathbringer stepped out, facing him. "Morrowseer. Moon's dead."

The small smile playing on Morrowseer's lips disappeared. He stared icily at Deathbringer. "What?" Then he laughed. "So this is how you

pay back the years of mistreat? Jokes?"

Maybe it was the look on Deathbringer's face. Maybe it was the tears in Qibli's eyes.

Maybe if was the smoke, or their exhaustion, or their fear. But Morrowseer realized the truth.

"You killed her," Morrowseer said in a hoarse whisper. His hands clenched into fists.

"No," Deathbringer said. Sunny closed her eyes. She didn't want to see— she didn't want to hear—

"It was Scarlet— a bomb—"

"YOU KILLED HER TO GET BACK AT ME!" Morrowseer shouted. "Where is she? Where did you shoot her?"

"Stop, Morrowseer," Sunny said quietly. She felt the tears swelling in her eyes and tipping over so that they spilled. "Stop it. She died because of Scarlet's bomb. She's in the fire."

Morrowseer's shoulders shook and the color went out of his eyes. "How dare you— how dare you leave her underneath the building she so hated." The man facing her wasn't a monster. It was a father, a broken creature.

"I'm sorry," Sunny whispered. The tears kept spilling, and it was so, so painful— she couldn't bear it—

She could hear the sirens coming closer.

"MOON!" Morrowseer shrieked. "MOON!"

She reached out for him. *I have to help him. He won't hurt me— how can he? I can't just stand by and watch—*

Wrong.

He took her by the shoulders and wrapped his arm around her throat. He was strong. *I'm wrong. The only broken side of him is his*

mind— he won't hesitate to kill me.

"I'm going to kill all of you," Morrowseer said, his voice deep with hatred. "Every single one of you."

And that was when Clay gently placed Peril on the ground. And he ran to them, grabbed Morrowseer's arm and pushed Sunny roughly out of the way.

No, her mind knew it before she did. Morrowseer and he was punching and blocking. Compared to Morrowseer, a skilled assassin, Clay was overpowered.

Within seconds, they were close to the building.

She reached out for them, her hands stretching. He was getting smaller and smaller.

"CLAY!" She screamed. Tsunami tried to run towards them, but with Glory on her back, she failed.

And then Morrowseer gripped Clay by the collar, and together they fell into the fire.

~

Chapter Thirty-Three

Glory

She woke up in a hospital. In a white bed. With Deathbringer by her side. With Sunny gripping her hand.

And in a few days, she had the strength to walk. In a few weeks, she had the strength to look into the mirror.
She had the strength to realize that she looked horrible.

Gone was the beautiful Hollywood star. In her place, a girl with burns on her face, her arms, her legs. Nobody would ever want her again. Gone was her beautiful days by the stars.

She had never belonged there anyway.

In a few months, she had the strength to face the truth. That Clay was dead. That Greatness had her memory wiped off, that she would never realize who she was. That a girl that had helped her, Moon, was dead. That Glory's bitterest enemy was dead.

It didn't feel so great after all.

The truth came with a price. Nightmares. Screams in her head. The beating in her heart. Fear. Anxiety.

Sometimes she woke up screaming. Sometimes she couldn't sleep. Sometimes she yelled at everyone to leave her alone. Sometimes she would grip her bed until her knuckles went white because she was scared. Sometimes she went mad with fear. Sometimes tears just kept coming and she felt so sad that she wanted to end it all.

But her friends were always there. Deathbringer was always there. And they understood her. And at the end of the day, everything was alright.

And one day, somebody came to her. Kinkajou. She hadn't been burnt as badly, but Kinkajou understood her pain. And she had

hugged her without a word. And Glory had hugged back.

But Kinkajou was moving on more easily. She said that she and her rescuer, Turtle, had gotten closer.

Then she started to cry that Moon's death was her fault and told Deathbringer that she had encouraged Moon to save everyone else. Deathbringer just shook his head. "You helped her."

Everybody in the organization was sent to jail. Except Deathbringer, who had kept his identity secret. Bodies had been found in the fire. Other things- the venom, the files- had been destroyed utterly in the fire. Nothing was left.

Tsunami had gone back with Riptide. Riptide has visited her, too, apparently. But she hadn't been awake then.

Peril had woken just to find herself surrounded with people she barely knew. Sometimes, without meaning to, she couldn't control her fire. Everything she touched burnt. So her nurses had been trained and always had a fire extinguisher by their side.

Deathbringer. How to describe him? He was always by her side. They barely talked. She knew he wanted to. She wanted to. But she couldn't.

How could she, after realizing that he was a part of an organization that had pained her for so long? After learning that he wasn't what he seemed at all? After Clay's death, after everything that had happened? After knowing that he was an assassin and that he had killed people, and that he could kill her right now if he so desired?

She knew that the fear showed in her eyes, instead of the love Deathbringer wanted. And she couldn't help it. How could she ever trust him again? She knew it broke his heart, and it pained her. He had sacrificed so much for her, after all. But how could she ever ignore the voice in her head that said to not trust him?

"You don't trust me," Deathbringer had said, when they were alone in the room.

She had stared at her white bed. Her voice was still raspy, and she

felt horribly uncomfortable. "Yes, I do. How can I not? After everything you did for me-"

"Don't lie." He had smiled, but she could see the pain in his eyes. And it hurt. But he knew the truth, so why would she hide it from him?

"Fine. I don't trust you. I love you and I hate you. I want to blame you for everything, but I know it wasn't your fault. I hate hurting you and I want you but then there's a part of me that doesn't want to see you again."

Silence. *Why does the truth always have to hurt?* She wondered.

"Do you think you would ever be able to figure it out?" He paused for a moment. He was avoiding her eyes, just as she was avoiding his. "Us?"

"Maybe. Maybe time will help," she answered. That much was truthful. She needed time.

"I want to help you. Will distancing myself help?" Deathbringer finally looked at her. All kinds of feelings came over hear- hatred, love, fear, longing.

She shook her head. "Stay. I know this is weird, I know it's complicated- I know it hurts you and I hate myself for it. But I can't bear it if you disappeared."

"Feelings are complicated. Well, I'm going to try to go home now." Deathbringer had reached out and gave her hand a squeeze. That was when she realized that Deathbringer had worried sick about her- the black circles around his eyes, how thin he had gotten, how pale he was from not going outside for months.

And then he stood up and headed for the door.

"Deathbringer?" She whispered, sure he wouldn't hear. But he did. He turned quickly, worry in his eyes.

"Yeah?" He replied.

"I...Don't you find me ugly?" She felt ashamed to ask it, but it had been bugging her for days. She felt like she would burst if she didn't. The burns on her face. The hideous scars on her arms. There was no question: she was no longer beautiful.

"Oh, Glory," he said, his eyes softening. And the words he said before he went out remained in her head for days, for months.

"You're more beautiful now than you ever were."

~

My fans: BRO IS THIS A GLORYBRINGER FANFIC OR WHAT. Why are you TORTURING US LIKE THIS.

Me: "Reality is often disappointing."

(But seriously.

Don't you just hate it when people go, "you saved my life although you were pretty much the reason everyone else died? I LOVE YOU LET'S HAVE BABIES"

NO. Just NO. It isn't realistic. Glory and everyone else is going to have trauma and anxiety for the rest of their lives. It's a part of life and overcoming hardship.

Nothing's easy as it seems . LIKE WRITING FANFICTIONS—)

Chapter Thirty-Four

Peril

"I brought those for you. They were at the market- they reminded me of you. You know, red. Not because of your power and stuff, but like, your hair. Your hair is really beautiful, you know." Sunny blinked. "I'm so sorry if I offended you some way. I just—"

"Roses?" She said, blinking. "I remind you of roses?"

Sunny smiled. "Yeah. Aren't they pretty? I was getting some for...for..."

Sunny closed her eyes. *For Clay.*

Sunny gripped her head for a moment. Peril didn't want to look.

Then she smiled again ans it was over. "Sorry, I keep getting those — my doctor says I just need rest. As I was saying, I was getting some flowers for— for him— when I saw them. And they reminded me of you."

Sunny tried her hardest to smile. Peril tried her hardest to ignore Sunny's tears swelling in her eyes. They did their best to heal. But sometimes, it was unbelievably hard.

Sunny. Sunny was the kindest of them all. She visited Peril time to time. Glory did too, once. Deathbringer sometimes came in to talk to her. Starflight gave her books.

Tsunami brought her sand. Tsunami was one of the strongest, and she had been sent home and she told Peril that sbe was constantly spending her time by the ocean. Just staring at it. Appreciating it.

They all tried their best. But while the others brought her their fear, Sunny brought her flowers.

She offered her kind words. She didn't have a fire extinguisher by

her side 24/7, and the best of them all- she wasn't afraid of her.

"You're brave, Peril. You're kind and brave. You just don't realize it. They have done things to your body, but not your mind," Sunny had said once.

And a few days ago, the last time Sunny had visited, she brought the best news of all: that the government was working out a way to change her into her normal form.

Every day seemed to get better. Tomorrow was another day. Beautiful things awaited. *Friends* awaited.

But at night, in the dark, she remembered. She remembered that Clay- the first person that had shown her kindess- was dead. She remembered the surgery, the doctors, and her mother. She remembered parts of her younger life. She remembered Scarlet.

Nights were when she lost control, when her whole body turned sizzling hot.

She kept crying and the tears kept burning. Nurses kept coming. The fire went out. People spoke in scared voices.

"Is she human?"

"What if she loses control forever?"

"Shouldn't she be locked up?"

The whispers and the fear. People were scared, which helped her lose control. She was like a monster. No. She was a monster.

Yes. Nights were the worst.

A few days later, he came.

The man smiled at her but spoke horrible words. "People are worried, Peril. We're trying to find a cure. But you see, it might not be possible."

"What are you suggesting?" She had said softly. But she knew what

he was going to say.

People would use her for their selfishness. That would never change. People would always want to use her. Nobody would ever see her as she was. They saw her as a monster. An *usable* monster.

"Can you tell me what you remember about yourself? What kind of surgery did you go through?"

She ignored him. "Are you going to lock me up?"

"Tell me, Peril. What kind of things did they use? How does your fire work?"

That was when she knew. One thing she knew for sure:

She needed to run away.

~

Clay

Where was he? It was warm. It was beautiful.

When be opened his eyes, he saw colors. Orange and red and blue dancing. Soft noises could be heard- noises that calmed his mind.

But he reached out. *I can do this.* He didn't know how. But he could.

He wasn't sure where to go. He could hear something else, a sound that was coming from outside.

Sirens, he realized.

Then he remembered: Morrowseer and him, fighting. Morrowseer gripping his shirt. Falling into the fire. Into the ruins.

If they had fallen together, they must be close, right?

He slowly looked downwards. And there he was. Morrowseer.

Clay tore his eyes away. There was no way of saving him. He couldn't. So he ran. Away from the sirens. Away from the body.

Save him! His mind screamed.

But he's too far gone! He protested. *I can't save him.*

Give him a proper burial, his mind insisted.

So Clay took Morrowseer by the legs and ran, dragging the body. His clothes weren't burning. They were slowly turning black, though. He needed to get out.

I need to call for help.

That was when he realized he wasn't Clay anymore. Not the Clay he was before. He was a monster. An outcast. The world would never accept him.

When they realize what I am, what I can do, they will lock me up. They will kill me.

He needed to hide.

Clay? You, a monster? The guy in the orphanage famous for eating hotdogs?

But somehow, it was real.

As he ran, he thought of his friends. Glory. Sunny. Starflight. Tsunami. And Peril. How hard it must have been, to live like this, like an outcast.

He remembered surgery. He remembered how confused he had been as the doctors came in. "Firescales is fire. And you are immune. And now that the surgery has suceeded, we can create more."

Immune? What could it mean? He had thought. *Create more? More people like me? Why? How?*

He knew now.

As he made his way through the fire, he knew. He knew that he would never be the same Clay again. He would be broken, he would

be an outcast.

He knew his friends were safe. That he had somehow saved them. That they must think he was dead.

Was he? Or was this all in his head?

He erased the thought. It was happening. Right now. He was in a fire, running. But even he would burn up in a few hours. He could already feel the heat getting stronger.

How long had he been asleep? Minutes? Hours? Days?

He didn't know. He didn't have answers. He was confused, and he was in danger.

But one thing he knew for sure:

He was alive.

Chapter Thirty-Five

Glory

Another month passed. Doctors came and told her the news happening outside: that everyone had moved on.

Everyone liked Noob Mastersixtynine (her real name was Amanda), who was apparently Kyle's girlfriend now. Glory searched herself for emotions— anger, stress, hate— and found that she just felt relief.

The Hollywood life had never fit her. Her sparkling dresses never had been special to her, and her acting had been good only because she desperately wanted to be someone else.

Stars only flashed for a few years, after all. Everybody admired their beauty and their grace and their perfection, but everybody moved on. And so would she.

"My burns," she had asked. "Will they ever heal?" She paused, and dared asking the question that had bothered her for so long. "Completely?"

The doctor had studied her seriously. "Glory. You can fix it, if you choose to. With the fortune you made in the years in Hollywood, you are one of the lucky ones that can. People will support you. But it will take years of surgery and treatment. Risks will be taken. Do you really want to be a part of that?"

She told him she would think about it. After a hard look at her, he left.

She had never thought of her beauty as something precious— it had been something granted to her, something that had seemed natural when she had it.

Now, when it was gone, she realized how important it had been.

Without it, she would never have had the ability to convince Edward that she could act. She would never had the ability to become a star.

All her life she had heard that she was beautiful. She had always smiled and thanked whoever said it, but she had always rolled her eyes afterward. It wasn't something she had worked for, and it hurt that her beauty was the only thing that people noticed about her. Or at least, what they seemed to notice.

But it was gone now. And now she realized that she should have been grateful for it. But now it was gone and it was too late.

Sometimes she looked into the mirror beside the bed and sobbed. Her entire face was red. She could only wonder how she had looked before the treatments. They were slowly turning into scars. A part of her hair had been burnt away.

Once, when she was crying, Deathbringer had come in and immediately rushed to her side.

"Glory, what's wrong?" He had asked softly. In that moment, she wanted nothing but to hug him, to pull him close, to cry in his arms — but it felt scary. What if she gave him her everything and then he refused it again?

What if he didn't want her? He hadn't wanted her before, when she was strong and beautiful. Why would she want her now, when she was so weak and ugly?

"STOP!" She screamed. "Don't come closer." She hated herself— *absolutely hated herself—*

She hated being weak. She hated being stuck in a hospital. She hated it so much— she hated that Clay was dead, that a part if it had been her fault. She wanted to die.

"I'm hideous," she sobbed. The ugly tears kept coming and she couldn't help but think how ugly she must have looked. She couldn't bear to see the look on Deathbringer's face. He was probably watching her with disgust.

Deathbringer. Why would he want her? Why would anyone want her? Why would a person like him— so perfect, so handsome— want *her*?

"Glory," he whispered. He sat down on the bed and hugged her. She just stayed there, not melting into his arms but unable to resist. "Glory, stop it. You're not hideous."

"It's my fault Clay's dead, that Morrowseer died, that the girl— Moon— died. Nothing would have happened if I just let you kill me."

"Then where would I be? I would be killing people. I would have married Greatness. Where would I be, Glory?"

"You're perfect," she answered. *You would have had a better life without me.* "You would have found a way."

"The thing is, I'm not. I cry at night, too. My house is a mess. You wouldn't believe it if you saw it. I can't sleep. I'm always worried sick. Before I met you, I was just a spoiled playboy that killed people without a second thought. You helped to bring those assassins to justice. You helped to bring *me* to see justice."

"Stop trying to make me perfect," she whispered. She felt angry at Deathbringer, and at the same time she felt spoiled. She felt horrible for being angry at someone that was trying so hard to help her. But everything was so hard and she wanted— no, absolutely needed— to blame it on someone else.

Her voice got louder until she was shouting. "Stop saying I did the right thing. All I did was pass out and let everyone else do the work."

"Everyone played a part," he insisted. "And soon, you will accept it. In a few more weeks you will be alright and we'll go back to your home. Everyone wants to see you. If you want to see them, you can. But the first thing you have to do is accepting yourself."

Glory blinked, letting his words sink in. *The first thing you have to do is accepting yourself.* "Why do you want me? If you think about

it...we barely know each other. I barely know anything about you."

Deathbringer stared at her for a moment and bursted out laughing. "That's actually true."

She wiped her eyes and tried to compose herself. She had been selfish for too long. She needed to help Deathbringer. She had to stop being selfish.

"What's your favorite color?" She said, shooing his arms away and leaning on the bed. She moved so he could sit on the bed next to her. He gladly did, to her relief.

He crossed his arms. "Truthfully? Black. Not because my last name or because I'm an assassin or anything." He blinked. "It's that...my mom's hair was black. Her eyes were dark, too, like mine. I think that's why I like that color."

She nodded. "She sounds like a strong woman."

He thought for a while. "Well. I guess. She wasn't exactly kind. She was harsh to everyone. But she was cool."

"Your favorite animal?" She asked.

"I'm not sure. Cats? What about you?"

Glory thought for a moment, a small smile playing on her lips. "Sloths."

Deathbrinfer chuckled. "Sloths? Your favorite animal is a sloth?"

"I plan to have a pet sloth someday. You know, I think I would like to work in nature, when all this is over."

"Are you going to go back to school after this?" Deathbringer asked after a moment of silence.

"Yeah. I would want my full education. I think I'll start watching some stuff on the internet before I go back. Are you?"

He shook his head. "Nah. I already know a lot of stuff. But maybe,

just to annoy you."

Glory laughed.

Deathbringer had a small smile on his face, clearly pleased with himself. "You know, I think this isn't bad. Starting as friends, I mean. That way I'll still be here, and we'll get to know each other."

"Sounds good for me, Deathbringer."

Deathbringer stared at Glory's scarred hand. "Are friends allowed to hold hands, my dear friend?"

"I don't think so, but you can hold mine if you want, pal," Glory replied, staring at her scarred fingers.

"Thanks, buddy," Deathbringer snorted. And then he took her hand, and just like that, they held onto each other.

"Thanks for sticking with me, chum," she said, smiling. Friends. Starting as friends seemed like a good idea.

"I'll always be here for you, mate," he replied.

"Same here, Deathy," she said. And then she closed her eyes and smiled. He leaned on the wall. They didn't talk more that night.

But that moment, she felt like the luckiest girl in the world.

~

Yeah. Here's the Glorybringer moment you all have been waiting for!

They're...friends...

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAAA

(Do I seem evil to you yet)

Chapter Thirty-Six

Peril

Peril insisted that she wanted to take a walk outside. After weeks of staying in a hospital bed, she had trouble walking, but with Sunny's help, she managed.

They walked around the hospital for a few days. The doctors insisted that Peril must be accompanied, but she refused, saying that Sunny would keep her controlled.

Every day they went out, Peril searched for a place to escape. They weren't many choices. First, she would have to go far away. Second, she would have to think of a disguise and probably dye her hair.

But this was the right thing to do. She would go somewhere far away, where nobody lived. People would be safe from her. And she would be safe from them.

With hours of sitting in her bed and planning, she realized that she couldn't do it alone. She needed help. Sunny's help.

She decided that she needed to tell her, sooner or later. How could she not?

However, there were flaws to her plan. First, she was pretty sure that Peril's hospital room was bugged. They would never let her step out of the hospital. She was already fine and in need of no treatment, but the government was refusing to let her go.

Second, Sunny might not react well to her plan. It would cause her trouble, after all. It was a risk Peril had to take.

So she decided that she would tell her when they were walking around outside. It worked.

When they were far enough, Peril started to talk in soft whispers, praying that Sunny would understand.

The words came out like a flowing river. She talked fast and softly so that people wouldn't hear, although nobody was near them. "I'm running away. I can't tell you the location because I'm not sure where I'm going to go. I'm not sure if it will work, actually. But I have a plan. I know Scarlet's daughter. I know she lives close. We're not friends, but hopefully she's help me."

Sunny had looked at her with pained eyes. *She knows. She knows I can't stay, and it pains her to let me go.*

It made her feel warm. Sunny was her friend. Finally, she had a friend— someone she could trust. "You could stay, Peril," Sunny said, placing a hand on her arm.

Peril shook her head. "People will always want to use me. And the surgery— they don't even know how they made me like this. They will never learn it from me, because then they will use it for their selfish reasons. Somebody will. So how are they going to fix me? The answer is they won't. So I'm going to run away. Maybe to a different country."

Sunny sighed. "I think you're right. What a horrible world we live in, Peril."

Peril almost wanted to stop talking. Sunny seemed so sad, so broken. But she had to go. The quicker she left, the better it would be for everyone. "Do you have a phone? I'll contact you, alright? Give me your email."

Sunny wrote it on a piece of paper and placed it in Peril's pocket. "You can take my car. Do you know how to drive?"

Peril nodded. "They taught me. Sometimes I would need it, because when I assassinated people, sometimes they lived far aw—"

Sunny forced a smile. "No more of that. That is good." Then her discomfort turned into concern. "Are you sure about this, Peril? You can be happy here."

Peril nodded. She tried to ignore the sadness, the pain at throwing everything she had away. But her happiness wasn't what mattered

— it was what she could do, what would happen if a different person controlled her. She couldn't risk it again. Sunny seemed to understand. She nodded back.

And the planning started.

A few weeks later in the afternoon, they were walking like usual. Except Peril had borrowed Tsunami's jacket and cap, which had been gifted to her so that her hospital clothes would be hidden.

It had been Sunny's idea. "Everyone would report you if you go out in the public wearing the hospital clothes," Sunny had said. Peril had reluctantly agreed.

"You'll need money. Lots of it," Tsunami also had added. Peril had to agree to that, too.

Sunny led her to the parking lot. She made sure nobody was there, and then motioned for Peril to get in the driver's seat.

Sunny looked away and talked fast. Peril almost didn't catch the last part. "In the back, there are a wallet full of money— Glory got the most she could— and Tsunami's clothes. There's a phone. There's a wig and a pair of sunglasses."

Peril felt like crying. "Sunny. You're too kind. You— you—"

Sunny grinned. "Everyone else helped. And how can I not be kind, when you saved...Clay?" She replied.

Sunny grabbed her hand and squeezed it. "Stay safe."

"Thank you for everything. Please tell your friends—"

"Our friends," Sunny corrected.

Peril couldn't help but smile. "Please tell our friends that I will be forever in their debt."

Sunny nodded, smiling back. "I'm going to scream that you stole my car so that they don't think I helped you escape. Good luck, Peril."

And there, they said goodbye. And as Peril drove out of the hospital, blood ringing in her ears, she could hear Sunny's screams.

~

Clay

He was barely surviving when he saw the car. He had buried Morrowseer near the ruins. He had managed to find fruit in the forest. Mulberries were everywhere, and so were dandelions.

But he was close to starving. He knew needed a plan. Yet he didn't have anything— he didn't have money or a way to contact his friends.

His friends. He thought about them a lot. Were they okay? He had a feeling— or perhaps hoped— that they were. But there was no way of knowing for sure.

He was going near the ruins to see if anything had been left— food or a place to stay— when he saw the woman.

The police had left a few days ago. At first he planned to run away, but when he looked closer, he could see that it was someone he knew.

Dressed in a coat with messy blonde hair, she stared at the burnt building and the ruins. Like a part of her had been burnt away, too. She was reaching out with her hand, like she was grasping something she couldn't have.

He saw something in her that reminded him of himself. A feeling of being locked in a cage, knowing that you were going to be treated like a monster, that you were never, ever going to be accepted— it was like she was mirroring him.

He knew he should have ran away, but something about her kept him staring. And finally, she lifted her face.

That was when he noticed her startling, fiery blue eyes.

It was Peril.

Chapter Thirty-Seven

Glory

Dear Ms. Glory,

We have gotten your letter. Although it is a shame that you are choosing this route, we have high hopes that you are doing the right thing.

Thank you for the years of service. Hollywood wishes you luck.

-Manager

~

The day she got out of the hospital, people were there. People were always there. Wanting to ask about her. Reporters. Flashes of cameras. Questions.

So step by step, tightly holding Deathbringer's hand on the right and holding Starlight's in the other, she got to the door. A fragile thing keeping them apart.

In every step, her heart started to beat furiously. Blood rushed to her ears.

She looked at Deathbringer and her friends. Although Clay was missing, they were all smiling at her, accepting her. And she smiled back.

She would do this. She would do it for her friends. She would accept herself for her friends, and for herself.

She didn't want to hate herself any longer.

The moment they stepped out of the crowd, people suddenly turned silent.

I have to meet their eyes. She confidently looked up at them,

although that was the last thing she felt. They were all staring at her ugly, scarred face. The Glory Bright they had wanted was gone. Somebody in the crowd screamed, making her feel small and weak.

I have to tell them. I must. I can't run from myself anymore.

"Thank you for taking your time to congratulate me on my return," she whispered. And then she repeated it, louder. "I know everyone is surprised. It's because I chose to hide myself from you. I was ashamed of myself. Just like you, I was surprised at myself. I hated my ugly face."

People stared at her. They had watched her movies. But they had never seen her personal life.

"When I first woke up from the fire, I wanted to die," she said truthfully. "I never knew it, but... I couldn't face it because it meant nobody would accept me. But they did." She turned to her friends. "The truth is, I'm still Glory Bright. My hair might have been burnt off, and my face might be scarred and ugly, but I'm still me."

Starlight grinned at her. Starflight's lost eye had been one of her greatest regrets. Now, it was a part of him, too. It was fate.

"Before, I wanted to act because I wanted to get out of my life. I hated myself. Even with my pretty clothes and pretty face, I couldn't find myself." She blinked. "And now, I found me. I don't want to hide anymore."

Her courage was beginning to soar. "Thank you for supporting me all these years. Through my movies, I have made you cry and laugh. And now I hope to do it on my own.

"I'm sorry for never telling you how grateful I am for your support. Your kind words always urged my to go higher, to do better. Thank you all. My last hope is that you will support my decision."

She paused. Blood was rushing to her ears. She felt confident. *Yeah. Maybe I'm not the pretty Glory anymore. Maybe I'm not Hollywood's sweetheart. But I'm Glory Bright.* "I'm retiring."

Questions erupted around them. And Glory answered them all.

Some people sneered at her. They screamed at her. They shrugged off her speech like she was talking in a language they couldn't understand, like she was just a piece in their entertainment that weren't allowed to have feelings.

But there were smiles and words of encouragement. There were cheers. They gave her flowers and asked questions to her friends. And they helped her get through until the last question. And they were what helped her stay strong. And they were there, still smiling, as she got in the car with Deathbringer and drove away.

Chapter Thirty-Eight

[image]

An year later

Tsunami

In the daytime, she would work her butt off doing schoolwork. Her mother had agreed that she needed some space, and she lived in the dormitory with her friends.

Tsunami could never tell her what had really happened when the fire happened. But it was best that it stayed secret.

The afternoons were the best. She went swimming with Riptide. Sure, sometimes people would flood them with questions and sometimes they would scream at her to leave him, but then they would laugh about it and swim. They would talk about the colleges they wanted to go to. They would talk about swimming and then they would play in the water like little kids.

She knew it wouldn't last, but it was nice to think sometimes that it would.

She didn't see Riptide for his handsomeness or his laid-back style. She didn't want to "change" him, and she certainly didn't want to force him into things he didn't like. She didn't want to be jealous anymore. She had lived her entire life wanting to protect everyone that she had bristled when someone she never knew came into her life. Now she knew that she had to let it be.

She didn't let the past haunt her. She wanted to move on, and that was what she did.

Of course, it wasn't that easy. Sometimes she couldn't sleep and the dreams haunted her. Thinking about Clay made her feel horrible. Sometimes tears would just come, but her friends were there, too. It was like a little sleepover between the four of them.

Once, they were walking around the ocean. They walked, gripping each other's hand, smiling. She stared at the sky and the ocean. She felt something burst inside her- happiness, longing.

With each step, the world became more beautiful. With each wave splashing the beach, the world became fuller. The smell if the ocean was so refreshing, it cleared her mind.

As they walked, Riptide turned to her. Something was different about him as he asked the question. His blue eyes were sparkling, and she knew that be would understand her, that he would do anything with her, for her. "Tsunami, what's your dream?"

My dream.

She pointed at the ocean. She pointed at the rocks, she pointed at the salty breeze in the air, she pointed at the sand.

She pointed at the sky and the steps in the sand they had made. She pointed at the waves splashing at the rocks and the birds soaring in the air. And she turned and pointed at him.

And he understood.

~

Starflight

He and Fatespeaker had met in the library. She had talked so much that he had told her that you were supposed to be quiet in the library. And somehow, they became friends.

She appreciated him for who he was- not tolerated him, opr hated him, or thought he was annoying.

Somehow, the quietest kid in the room and the most loudest could find similarities in their lives that nobody else could understand.

His friends had welcomed her when she wanted to sit at their lunch table. They had looked at them in a puzzled way for about a few seconds, and then they accepted it. Just like that.

Fatespeaker had comments about everything. About Starflight's weird habit of tapping his foot when he was reading, and how Glory always had a knack for opening tight water bottles. How Sunny always had a compliment for everyone the moment they sat down. How Tsunami always laughed hardest at sea puns.

"I just notice things," she had said. Tsunami had once joked that Fatespeaker and Starflight were the insufferable group, always saying something about everything.

He didn't mind. He understood her, and she understood him. He knew somehow that they could help each other. Fatespeaker was far from perfect, and so was he- but they had a connection.

And once, when they were eating lunch, her hand had brushed his for a few seconds. Nobody else had noticed, but he stiffened. He felt confused and embarrassed.

A simple mistake, he told himself. But why was blood rushing to his ears?

In the corner of his eye, he could have sworn that Fatespeaker had a big grin on her face.

~

Sunny

She spent her days constantly worrying about Peril. She had gotten in trouble after people learnt that she had escaped with Sunny's car.

She's dangerous to society, they had said. And that moment, Sunny knew that Peril had been right.

But after a few months, people started to forget about her. Sunny constantly checked her email, but nothing came. She decided that Peril had a reason for not contacting her. Seeing that she heard no news about Peril getting caught, she tried to think that everything

was alright.

The best thing was that she could see her friends slowly becoming happy again. They had all found their soulmates. There was no guarantee that they would last forever, but they had them nevertheless.

She was happy to see Starflight becoming friends with Fatespeaker- and the expression on his face when their hands brushed, when he thought no one was looking- it had been priceless. But for his sake, Sunny had never said anything about it.

Tsunami had found Riptide. And Glory had Deathbringer, and Sunny knew they would do anything for each other.

The thing that bothered her was the fact that everyone felt sorry for her. She felt fine on her own, really. She was happy enough to see her friends happy.

She knew beautiful things awaited in life. Fate waited.

She didn't need anyone, at least not yet. She wasn't ready. Maybe she would never be.

But right now, she was fine on her own.

~

Glory

What she expected was a horrible woman ready to kill her. What awaited her was a confused girl.

She and Deathringer exchanged a look when Greatness greeted them. "Hey! Are you guys my family? Nobody has been visiting me for weeks."

Glory felt a desire to scream things at her. She hated to look at her. *Greatness is a monster!*

"Do you remember anything?" Deathbringer asked gently.

She felt angry at him. At them. *How can he be gentle with her, after everything we went through, after seeing how monstrous she was-*

Then Deathbringer looked at her. And she understood.

Greatness wasn't a monster anymore. She was a confused girl with her memory wiped away completely. Being confused and utterly hopeless— Glory knew the feeling.

"No. They won't even tell me who I am," Greatness said. She seemed close to tears. "I've been in confusion for months."

"You're name is Greatness. We're your friends," Deathbringer said with a smile.

"We can help you," Glory added slowly. She remembered being lost. She remembered being confused. She remembered not belonging anywhere. If her friends hadn't been there, who knew she would have been now?

But helping Greatness, of all people? The evil girl that didn't give a second thought about killing her and her friends?

But all her doubts were gone when Greatness looked at her. The look on her face seemed like Glory's words had lightened up a Christmas tree. The hope and happiness- as delicate as a child's- it warmed Glory's heart.

~

When Deathbringer said he was leaving for college, it hurt more than she thought it would.

"Are you going to go far?" She had asked in the park.

Deathbringe grinned. "No, I'm not. I'll visit on the weekends when I can. Honestly, education has never been my thing, but I realized that it's pretty important."

She had turned and stared at the stars. There weren't any in the city. But she knew they were there. Just hidden.

That was when she realized she was like the stars. The stars were her feelings for Deathbringer. They were hidden because of bad things, because the people had poisoned the air with pollution. Her heart was polluted. But with effort, she could get it back, clean and new.

"What are you thinking about?" He asked. Deathbringer was staring at the sky, too. It made her wonder what he was thinking about.

"I'm thinking about time," she replied. "You remember what I said in the hospital? About us and being ready and all?"

"Yeah." Deathbringer turned and stared at her expectantly. It felt like he could read her mind.

"I'm still not sure about much. I'm so imperfect, you know? It's like my feelings are jumbled." She met his eyes. "But I know I love you. Forever? Who knows? But I tried to distance myself and it makes me crazy." She paused. "If you still feel the same about me, I'm ready to try this."

She held her breath. Deathbringer stared at her for a moment and nodded.

She closed her eyes and kissed him. It wasn't rough or passionate. It was soft and promising. Promising a happy tomorrow. The night had been hard and horrible. But the sun would come up, and she would greet it with open arms.

That night, it felt like the skies were full of stars.

~

Clay

The more they traveled, the more he learned about Peril.

They had managed to move out to Washington as Lena and Chris Daniels. They went to high school and lived with Thorn, a woman that worked to destroy the assassin organization. Ruby had told them to go to her.

Thorn had warned them that if they were to be taken under her wings, they had to cut all their contacts. They had no choice but to agree.

Clay looked for sign of his friends in newspapers and TV. He had gotten an article about Glory's retirement from Hollywood. He had a chance to see Glory's scarred face.

She tried to protect me when I lost control, he realized. He could feel tears swelling in his eyes. But Glory in the picture seemed happy. And it was what he wanted, right?

He and Peril studied together and worked together. They had dyed their hair in the first chance they had. Their hair was both in the color black, since they were supposedly siblings. Peril wore glasses, and he wore a cap. And sometime in the future, he planned to get contacts so that his eye color was different.

"Do you regret running away?" Peril asked once. "Living like this?"

He had thought for a moment. "No. It was for the best. We had to sacrifice a few things to keep other people safe."

"Was there any other way?" Peril whispered.

He stared at her for a moment. "Peril," he whispered. "I know it's hard. But we had to do this. What if somebody got control of us?"

Peril sighed. "I know. It's just...not fair."

He didn't know what to say. Of course, it wasn't fair. It wasn't fair that they had to go through this just because of things they couldn't control, just because of a possibility.

Peril must have noticed his expression. "But, you know. With you, it's not as bad."

Clay looked at her. "Really?" He was still having a hard time getting used to her black hair and glasses. Peril nodded and reluctantly took his hand in hers.

They kept each other in control. Peril's presence helped to calm

him. His did the same for her.

They didn't say any more. But with her, he knew he would get through it. With her, he would get through anything.

~

Can you believe that this fanfic is almost over?

I'm sorry if the ending isn't satisfying to any of you. Believe it or not, I have created a whole little world with this stuff. This fanfiction will forever hold a special place in mah hea—

Let's get that stuff in the epilogue lol.

Anyway, I hope you guys can imagine what happened to those characters after this event! Tell me in the comments.

If the "this might not last forever but whatever" thing annoys you, sorry. I just keep reading clichè stuff on books EVERYWHERE, so I'm REALLY getting annoyed. So I tried to put as least as possible.

My mind: this entire Hollywood plot is clichè!

Me: shut up!

Okay. So. Thank you all.

Epilogue :'(

Glory

Glory was nervous out of her mind. Tsunami kept smoothing out her dress. Sunny was grinning ear to ear. And Starflight kept telling them weird facts.

"Glory, you look absolutely beautiful," Sunny cried out.

"This wedding dress is way better than what I wore a couple years ago," Tsunami agreed.

"Vending machines can kill you," Starflight stated. Then he added, "you look great, Glory."

Glory sighed happily. "Thanks, guys. But why am I so nervous?" She turned to Tsunami. "Were you this nervous at your wedding?"

Tsunami shook her head. "A little bit. Actually, I was really calm. But you know, we're different people." She thought for a moment. "Or maybe you're just freaking out because something might go wrong. You know?"

Glory blinked. She didn't get it at all, but she nodded. "That must be it."

"Don't be nervous, Glory," Sunny said. "I have to say, this building is absolutely beautiful. Did you choose the flowers?"

"Yep," Glory replied. She still remembered how she and Deathbringer had hunted every flower place in their city for the perfect flowers.

She walked to the door and peeked outside. People were filling in the seats. In a few more minutes, they would all be staring at her. The thought made her want to freak out.

You're Glory Bright. You can do this. This is your happy day— you're

getting married!

Married. Why was she nervous? Was she not sure about her choice? She placed it off immediately. She loved Deathbringer with everything she was— and she would forever continue to love him.

But why does something feel off?

"So, who's going to accompany you on your way to Deathbringer?"

If she was sure about anything today, it was this. "Every one of you. You guys are all important part of my life. It might seem like a crowd, but I absolutely insist."

"That's an awesome idea," Sunny approved. "So, gotta go in a few minutes. Are you ready for this, new bride?"

Glory grinned nervously. "Absolutely, sister."

"I can't believe we're all grown up now," Tsunami whispered, reaching out to hug her. Glory gratefully let her, melting into her friend's strong arms.

"Time flies by, huh?" Glory could remember their broken childhood. "I'm so lucky to have you guys beside me."

"Yes, you are," Tsunami replied, grinning. "Are you sure that we can all accompany you on the way to Deathbriger? Wouldn't that be weird?"

Before Glory could reply, someone knocked on the door.

"It must be Kinkajou!" Sunny said. "You know that she had Turtle—"

When she opened the door, the world seemed like it went mute. Sunny words were abruptly cut off.

Glory couldn't hear anything. She could just see the stranger at the door. Just staring, with her mouth slightly open, gaping.

This isn't possible.

Even when the stranger's hair was black, not brown, even when the stranger's eyes were blue, she knew. He was so tall and so handsome in a lovingly brotherly way.

Sunny was grinning ear to ear. Tsunami gasped. Starflight just stared wordlessly.

It was Clay.

"Was I hearing something about everyone accompanying the bride?" He said, a smile on his face. A woman was behind him. Her blue eyes could be seen.

Glory finally ran to him and hugged him. She felt sobs escaping her mouth. Happy tears rolled down her face.

Suddenly, the feeling that something was wrong was gone. Everything finally felt complete.

~

=) hello ÷)

Wow this looks weird ÷)

So how are you guys feeling??? ÷)÷)÷)÷)÷)÷)÷)÷)

Okay, I know people are expecting a "this fanfiction was a part of me" speech, but TRUTHFULLY.

I just wanted to get this over with I'm sorry XD

However, I AM glad and extremely grateful for everyone that stuck with me for the ups and downs of this fanfiction.

Honestly, the characters had a part of me, every one of them. The things they suffered with had a taste of what I was and still am going through.

Remember this: you are you for a reason . The things you went through will make sense in time. Beautiful things await in life. Your weaknesses will drag you down until you accept them.

So THANK YOU. For your beautiful support that never ends! Wattpad has been a great part of my life. For a shy introvert like me, writing stories and trying to inspire people with words I can never say aloud is such a great thing for me.

OH NO this is getting emotionaaaaaal-------

Let's end it there shall we XD

THANK YOU SO MUCH EVERYONEEEE ÷) ÷) ÷)))))

Contest!

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Unlike my contests, all this takes is a pencil, paper, and maybe a few pens and colored pencils!

Step 1) Draw any character in this fanfiction! Make sure you get the description right, though :)

For example, Glory:

Her curled blonde hair fell on her shoulders, flowing in the wind, like even the wind fell for her. When she took her sunglasses off her green eyes sparkled in intelligence that made him unable to tore his eyes off of her. Then, maybe it was his imagination, their eyes met.

Step 2) Put your favorite quote somewhere with the picture! It had to be from this fanfiction :3

Step 3) Post it in a chapter. It can be a separate story or one of the chapters in the books! Make sure you tag me though :D

Step 4) Tag 3 people!

Step 5) Nothing. That's it. I just wanted to put it in fives lol XD

~

Examples:

By the amazing @Shadow_Omega ! Go give her endless loooove! She's restarting her books, give her a follow, such an underrated writer and artist :3

(As you can see though, her eyes are supposed to be green)

-

And by unknown person (okay, me):

(Why is this upside down)

The face:

The quote:

I hope you got the idea!

HAVE A GREAT DAAAAAY!!!